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COLLIER'S

WEEKLY JOURNAL of CURRENT EVENTS

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VOL TWENTY-SIX NO 19

NEW YORK FEBRUARY 9 1901

PRICE TEN CENTS



ENGLAND'S MOURNFUL GREETING TO EMPEROR WILLIAM

WHEN THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA," HAVING ON BOARD EMPEROR WILLIAM, ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES, DUKE OF YORK, AND DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, STEAMED OUT OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOR, SPEEDING TO THE DYING QUEEN, THE MARINE GUARD ON THE FLAGSHIP "MAJESTIC" PRESENTED ARMS, WHILE ON THE "VICTORY," THE GUARD SHIP OF NELSON, ANCHORED A LITTLE FURTHER DOWN, THE SAILORS GAVE THE NAVAL SALUTE. DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL FROM DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES BY F. T. JANE, SPECIAL ARTIST AND CORRESPONDENT FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY AT PORTSMOUTH

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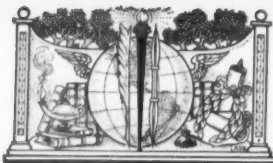
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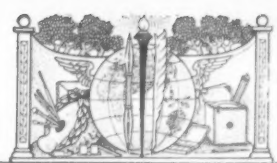


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The WEEK

AMERICA'S HOMAGE TO VICTORIA WAS A MOST extraordinary demonstration of popular feeling. When we remember that only a short time ago our Democracy was of such an extreme type that most of us could not bring ourselves to admit there could by any possibility be any good thing in, about, or under a monarchy, the tribute of grief and admiration which the United States paid to Victoria takes on a greater significance. Nowhere was this tribute more sincere and emphatic than at the American capital. Our Washington correspondent advises us that Lord Pauncefoot, the British Ambassador, was moved to tears by the evidences of American sorrow and sympathy which poured in upon him. For the first time in all history the flags over the White House and other Executive departments were placed at half-mast in honor of a deceased foreign ruler. It is not so many years



SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOOT

ago that a President who dared order his flag at half-mast for a sovereign of England would have had a horde of hornets buzzing angrily about his ears—resolutions of inquiry in Congress, denunciations by political clubs everywhere. Now the only criticisms passed are upon the Mayor of New York, who declined to break the precedents and lower the flag over the City Hall. At Washington it was said some of the diplomatic representatives of other countries, without offering criticism, wondered why the White House flag had not been lowered for Carnot, Faure, Humbert, the Empress of Austria, the Czar. They marvelled, also, that resolutions of condolence had been adopted in Senate and House, as well as in various State Legislatures. One of them ventured mildly to suggest to Senator Lodge, acting chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, that the United States had established a new precedent. "Yes," replied Mr. Lodge, "and we did it because we wished to make our expression on this occasion stand out above our expressions on all other occasions. It was a tribute which came from our hearts. But," suddenly remembering that he was an American statesman speaking to a foreign diplomat, "we think the precedent a good one. Hereafter we shall always lower our flags and adopt resolutions in honor of the death of a foreign sovereign who has reigned for sixty-three years!"

The United States appear to have passed that stage of traditional anti-Englishism, born more than a century ago and long nourished in schoolroom and by fireside, which once led an American statesman to exclaim: "What! Ratify a treaty with Great Britain? Yes, we can do it, but only by tacking on an amendment which shall read, 'Down with the Queen and God save Ireland!'"

STILL, WE ARE AMERICANS JUST THE SAME, AND deep as is our grief for the good Queen, sincere as is our friendliness toward the King, vivid as is our realization that our transatlantic kin are the only other great Democracy in the world besides ourselves, we cannot forget our own glorious past. The Revolution which separated us from England is still our most dearly treasured mine of romanticism and patriotism. Nor could it be expected in this woman's age that the splendid organization known as the Daughters of the Revolution should cease to have high place and great power. It appears a pretty rivalry for the Presidency of the Daughters has sprung up, and the gossipers who see schemes in stones and politics in everything will have it that another Presidency—that of these United States—is more or less directly involved, at least to the extent of dangling as a sort of glittering prize at the far and nebulous end of the Revolutionary rainbow. Whether Mrs. Fairbanks, wife of the Senator from Indiana, or Mrs. Roosevelt, wife of the Vice-President-elect, shall be chosen President of the Daughters at their next national meeting, is the burning issue in Daughter circles. It is confidently believed by the partisans of the former that she is the coming woman;



MRS. FAIRBANKS

and well worthy the honor she is, they say, wholly irrespective of the alleged aspiration of her husband to be the successor of Mr. McKinley in the White House. Senator Fairbanks, who is described as the "tallest, slenderest, smoothest man in the United States Senate," has not yet announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination, though certain

signs, like the appearance of birds in the trees and bits of green buds upon the branches, foretell the coming of spring. At any rate, the Presidency of the Daughters of the American Revolution may be a handy thing to have in a household which aspires to even greater things; and the lieutenants of the Senator from Indiana smilingly aver that a peaceful alliance with the daughters of war is much more effective in modern politics than a murderous campaign against mountain cats. But if Mrs. Fairbanks is to carry off the Presidency of the Daughters and Mr. Fairbanks is to fall heir to the Presidency of the United States, what becomes of Senator Vest's theory that New England greedily and implacably dominates the politics of the nation? Will Mr. Vest not have to go all the way back to Franklin Pierce to find a President of the United States hailing from New England? And if a Fairbanks or a Spooner is to be added to the roll of McKinley, Harrison, Hayes, Grant and Lincoln, why not get up a campaign against the political domination of the States bordering the Great Lakes and give poor, modest New England a rest?

IF ANY ONE THINKS LORD LYTTON DID NOT know what he was talking about when he said women mix themselves up in all things, in council, war and statecraft—"wherever mischief is afoot, there, you may be sure, a woman's sly face peeps from her wimple"—let us tell one of the hitherto untold tales of American politics: In the Presidential campaign of 1892 the managers for Mr. Cleveland thought they must carry Illinois in order to elect their man. But Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago—Carter the First—did not like Mr. Cleveland. He was a power in Chicagoville, and he did not care a rap whether Mr. Cleveland was elected or not. How to bring Carter into line was the problem of the hour. Now, note the sequel, ye carpers at women's influence in politics: Reasoning—Mayor Harrison is a Kentuckian, a gentleman of the old school, and therefore amenable to certain influences; action—a book of poems sent to the Mayor with "To my friend, Carter Harrison, with the compliments of Frances Cleveland," neatly written on the fly-leaf; result—the Mayor "gets in line" and Chicago gives such a big majority that the State is carried pell-mell for Grover.

THERE IS A NEW PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITY IN the Democratic field. With a single speech Mr. Bryan captured the leadership of his party. With one speech Mr. Towne appears to have taken over the heirship. All the Washington writers agree that the Senator from Minnesota delivered, in what was both his maiden speech to the Senate and his valedictory, one of the greatest addresses ever heard in that body—an address worthy the early and better days of the Senatorial forum. The political prophets at the national capital will have it that Towne is the "coming man" of the Democratic party. It is another case of the King is dead—long live the King! Bryan has had his day. He has become a mere editor, and not such a good one at that, if we may believe his critics of the press. Now, a good editor is a thing of joy and usefulness forever, but a poor editor—well, he is hardly the stuff of which Presidents are made. But Towne's sun is rising. He has not only become an out-and-out Democrat, but he is the apostle of sentiment in this country. He stands as a protest against the materialistic tendencies of the age. A thinker, a statesman, an orator, a poet—an abler man than Bryan even if not quite so facile—he has a broader philosophy, a truer knowledge of the currents of thought and opinion among our countrymen. It is Mr. Towne's special belief that the world is ripe for reaction against the commercialism, the materialism, which have run riot during the past decades. To his mind, imperialism is only a part of the materialistic, mammon-worshipping tendency. He is convinced that men and women are tired of it, that they are ready to return to the simple faith of the fathers, that the doctrines the Master taught and the disciples disseminated will again triumph over Roman imperialism. He is a close student of human nature, especially of American human nature, and he thinks the popularity of the romantic novel, of the historical tale in which sentiment, noble deeds and human love are vividly depicted, indicate the soul-weariness of the masses of people who for a time may have been captivated by the glitter of wealth and the pageantry of the imperialistic show. Those who know the orator from the Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas predict that he will make himself the leader of this cult, the central figure of the protest, the hope of the anti-imperialists, the champion of the rights of men of all colors, particularly brown, with not much partiality for deep black, and possibly—who knows?—



CHARLES A. TOWNE

ride into the White House upon the crest of the wave of the reaction which all the wiseacres are predicting in American public opinion.

No one congratulated Mr. Towne at the close of his speech with more elegance and unction than Chauncey Depew.

"It was a great speech—a really great speech," said Mr. Depew; "great in its diction, in its rhetoric, in its eloquence, but confoundedly weak in its doctrine!"

"I thank you for your praise in the only departments of speechmaking in which your opinion is of any value," retorted Towne.

And the two great orators pressed hands, smiled into one another's face, and passed on.

IT WAS A QUEER PRANK OF THE FATES TO BRING

Nemesis so quickly upon Mr. Towne's heels in the person of Mr. Clapp, his successor in the Senate. While the Senate chamber was still ringing with the applause for Towne, Clapp stepped forward and took the oath; Towne was no longer a Senator. But there are those who say that it is to Clapp the fates are harsh; and indeed there is some foundation for the thought that a man who steps into the place of the late Cushman K. Davis, held temporarily by Charles A. Towne, must expect to suffer by involuntary contrast. The new Senator from Minnesota is further handicapped by the fact that he makes his appearance in public life loaded down with the title "The Black Eagle of the North Star State." Think of a man attempting to carry a thing like that through life! Senator Clapp is also supposed to resemble the late John A. Logan, the original "Black Eagle" of somewhere; and he does. He is colossal, has a black and flowing mane, a roaring voice, and is said to be another great orator. He, too, must probably have his chance in the elocutionary lists. One striking difference between the politics of the East and of the West is in this matter of speechmaking. The East rarely stops to inquire if a Senator or Representative is a talker. In the West that is everything. If a man cannot make a speech from two to three hours long he has no chance for public life.



MOSES E. CLAPP

Out in Nebraska, so strong is the habit of measuring the value of a public man by his speechmaking abilities, they will have it that neither Bryan nor Towne can be the leader of the Democratic hosts in the near future. Ben Johnson is the man. "What? You never heard of Ben Johnson? Why, he is 'The Orator of the Sand-hills'—lives out in Custer County—talked once five hours at a stretch and could be heard half a mile away."

GENERAL MILES MADE HIMSELF QUITE UNHAPPY

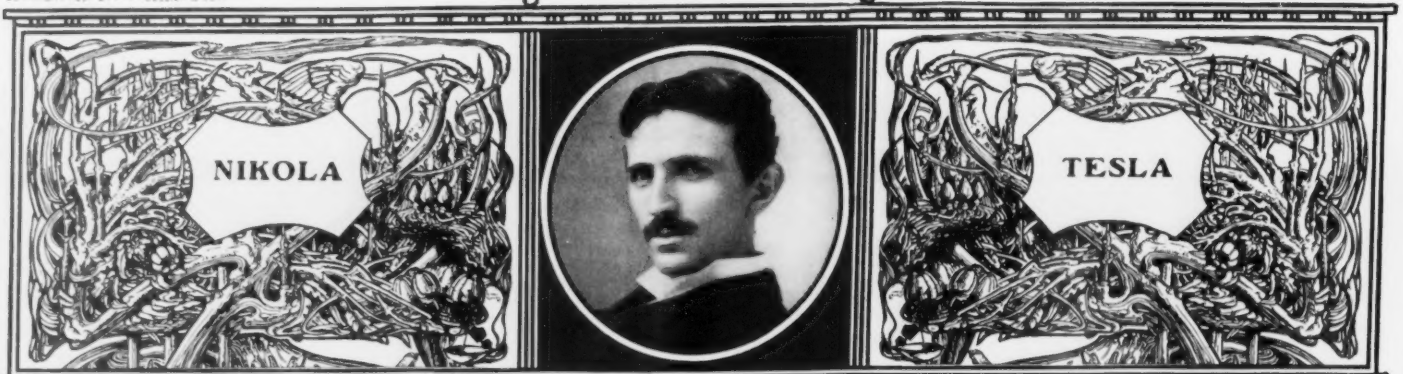
recently by discovering a conspiracy against himself. This is a matter of such frequent occurrence the wonder is that General Miles has not become so accustomed to it by this time that it has ceased to worry him; for it is a dull day in Washington when the Lieutenant-General of the Army does not unearth—in his mind at least—some deep dark plot against his dignity. Travellers from the national capital say the suspicion department of the Lieutenant-General is always working overtime. If it is not the President, or the Secretary of War, or the Adjutant-General, then it is some officer of the line who is conspiring against him. Even the Senate and House of Representatives are not always safe from being drawn within the field of General Miles's doubt, though it is to them he is fondest of going in his paroxysms of self-defence. A fine soldier, a handsome man, an officer who has done some creditable fighting in his day and could do more of it if he had a chance, General Miles is nevertheless a victim of that curious disease which so affects his mental vision as to leave him unable to see any other objects than grand and good first-person pronouns assailed by numerous foes, malicious and persistent like microbes, bacilli or jiggers. General Miles has many friends and admirers, and he would have more but for his unfortunate tendency to goad them with his disordered imagination and transform them, whether they like it or not, into enemies. In this way arose all the recent reports that General Miles is to be dispossessed of his place at the head of the army under the new army law. He is not. He is to stay in all his glory till the law retires him for age. Long life to him!

A distinguished army surgeon says the disease with which General Miles suffers is known in the books as Egoesia. It is not fatal.



GENERAL MILES

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TALKING WITH THE PLANETS

—By NIKOLA TESLA—

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Nikola Tesla has accomplished some marvellous results in electrical discoveries. Now, with the dawn of the new century, he announces an achievement which will amaze the entire universe, and which eclipses the wildest dream of the most visionary scientist. He has received communication, he asserts, from out the great void of space; a call from the inhabitants of Mars, or Venus, or some other sister planet! And, furthermore, noted scientists like Sir Norman Lockyer are disposed to agree with Mr. Tesla in his startling deductions.

Mr. Tesla has not only discovered many important principles, but most of his inventions are in practical use; notably in the harnessing of the Titanic forces of Niagara Falls, and the discovery of a new light by means of a vacuum tube. He has, he declares, solved the problem of telegraphing without wires or artificial conductors of any sort, using the earth as his medium. By means of this principle he expects to be able to send messages under the ocean, and to any distance on the earth's surface. Interplanetary communication has interested him for years, and he sees no reason why we should not soon be within talking distance of Mars or of all worlds in the solar system that may be tenanted by intelligent beings.

At the request of COLLIER'S WEEKLY Mr. Tesla presents herewith a frank statement of what he expects to accomplish and how he hopes to establish communication with the planets.

THE IDEA of communicating with the inhabitants of other worlds is an old one. But for ages it has been regarded merely as a poet's dream, forever unrealizable. And yet, with the invention and perfection of the telescope and the ever-widening knowledge of the heavens, its hold upon our imaginations has been increased, and the scientific achievements during the latter part of the nineteenth century, together with the development of the tendency toward the nature ideal of Goethe, have intensified it to such a degree that it seems as if it were destined to become the dominating idea of the century that has just begun. The desire to know something of our neighbors in the immense depths of space does not spring from idle curiosity nor from thirst for knowledge, but from a deeper cause, and it is a feeling firmly rooted in the heart of every human being capable of thinking at all.

Whence, then, does it come? Who knows? Who can assign limits to the subtlety of nature's influences? Perhaps, if we could clearly perceive all the intricate mechanism of the glorious spectacle that is continually unfolding before us, and could, also, trace this desire to its distant origin, we might find it in the sorrowful vibrations of the earth which began when it parted from its celestial parent.

But in this age of reason it is not astonishing to find persons who scoff at the very thought of effecting communication with a planet. First of all, the argument is made that there is only a small probability of other planets being inhabited at all. This argument has never appealed to me. In the solar system, there seem to be only two planets—Venus and Mars—capable of sustaining life such as ours; but this does not mean that there might not be on all of them some other forms of life. Chemical processes may be maintained without the aid of oxygen, and it is still a question whether chemical processes are absolutely necessary for

the sustenance of organized beings. My idea is that the development of life must lead to forms of existence that will be possible without nourishment and which will not be shackled by consequent limitations. Why should a living being not be able to obtain all the energy it needs for the performance of its life-functions from the environment, instead of through consumption of food, and transforming, by a complicated process, the energy of chemical combinations into life-sustaining energy?

If there were such beings on one of the planets we should know next to nothing about them. Nor is it necessary to go so far in our assumptions, for we can readily conceive that, in the same degree as the atmosphere diminishes in density, moisture disappears and the planet freezes up, organic life might also undergo corresponding modifications, leading finally to forms which, according to our present ideas of life, are impossible. I will readily admit, of course, that if there should be a sudden catastrophe of any kind all life processes might be arrested; but if the changes, no matter how great, should be gradual, and occupied ages, so that the ultimate results could be intelligently foreseen, I cannot but think that

impossible. By way of illustration, let us suppose that a square mile of the earth's surface—the smallest area that might possibly be within reach of the best telescopic vision of other worlds—were covered with incandescent lamps, packed closely together so as to form, when illuminated, a continuous sheet of light. It would require not less than one hundred million horse-power to light this area of lamps, and this is many times the amount of motive power now in the service of man throughout the world.

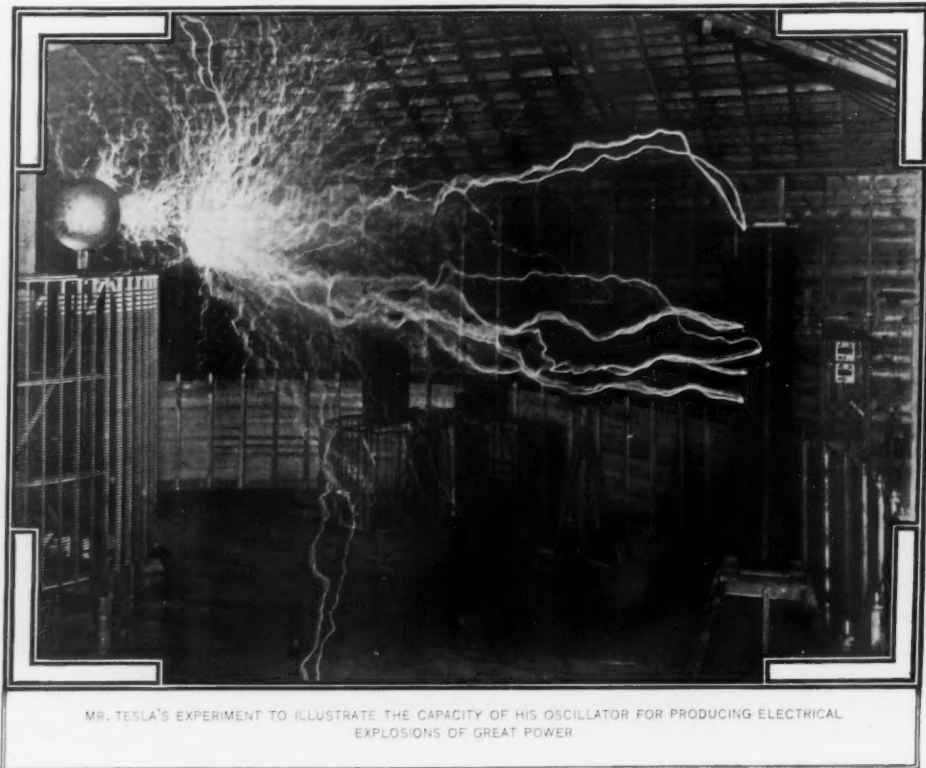
But with the novel means, proposed by myself, I can readily demonstrate that, with an expenditure not exceeding two thousand horse-power, signals can be transmitted to a planet such as Mars with as much exactness and certitude as we now send messages by wire from New York to Philadelphia. These means are the result of long-continued experiment and gradual improvement.

Some ten years ago, I recognized the fact that to convey electric currents to a distance it was not at all necessary to employ a return wire, but that any amount of energy might be transmitted by using a single wire. I illustrated this principle by numerous experiments, which, at that time, excited considerable attention among scientific men.

This being practically demonstrated, my next step was to use the earth itself as the medium for conducting the currents, thus dispensing with wires and all other artificial conductors. So I was led to the development of a system of energy transmission and of telegraphy without the use of wires, which I described in 1893. The difficulties I encountered at first in the transmission of currents through the earth were very great. At that time I had at hand only ordinary apparatus, which I found to be ineffective, and I concentrated my attention immediately upon perfecting machines for this special purpose. This work consumed a number of years, but I finally vanquished all difficulties and succeeded in producing a machine which, to explain its operation in plain language, resembled a pump in its action, drawing electricity from the earth and driving it back into the same at an enormous rate, thus creating ripples or disturbances which, spreading through the earth as through a wire, could be detected at great distances by carefully attuned receiving circuits. In this manner I was able to transmit to a distance, not only feeble effects for purposes of signaling, but considerable amounts of energy, and later discoveries I made convinced me that I shall ultimately succeed in conveying power without wires, for industrial purposes, with high economy, and to any distance, however great.

EXPERIMENTS IN COLORADO

To develop these inventions further, I went to Colorado in 1899, where I continued my investigations along these and other lines, one of which in particular I now consider of even greater importance than the transmission of power without wires. I constructed a laboratory in the neighborhood of Pike's Peak. The conditions in the pure air of the Colorado Mountains proved extremely favorable for my experiments, and the results were most gratifying to me. I found that I could not only accomplish more work, physically and mentally, than I could in New York, but that electrical effects and changes were more readily and distinctly perceived. A few years ago it was virtually impossible to produce electrical sparks twenty or thirty feet long; but I produced some more than one hundred feet in length, and this without difficulty. The rates of electrical movement involved in strong induction



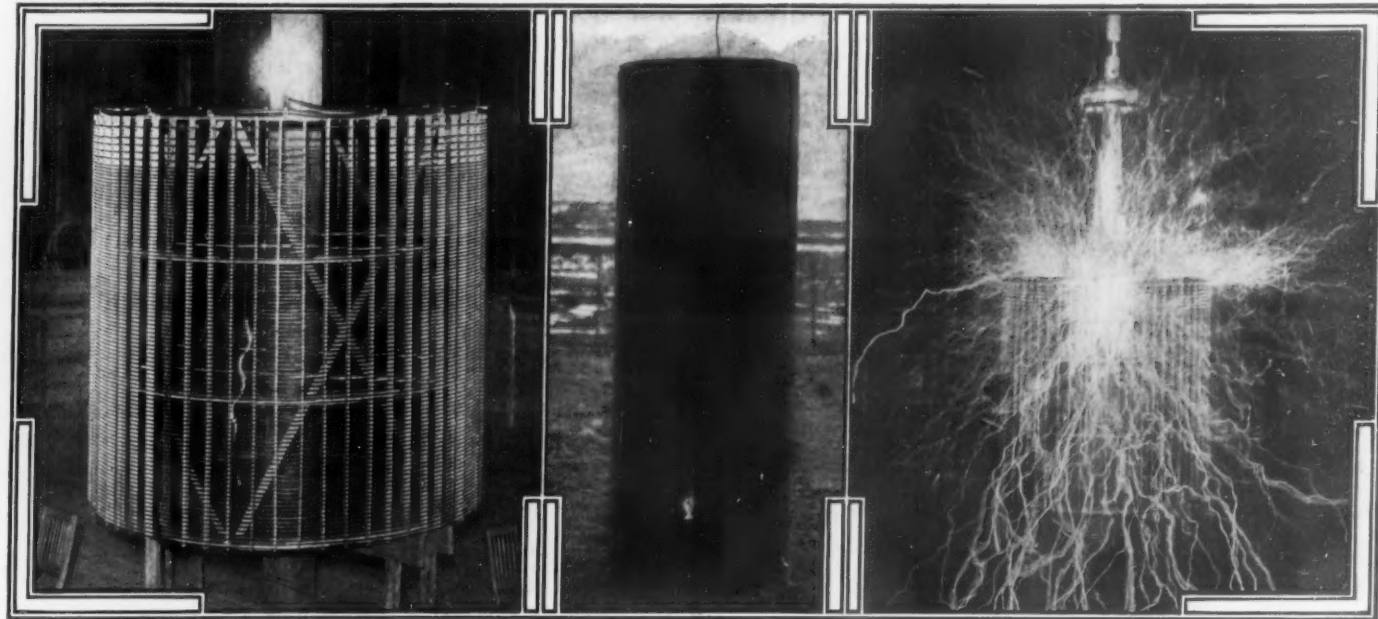
MR. TESLA'S EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE THE CAPACITY OF HIS OSCILLATOR FOR PRODUCING ELECTRICAL EXPLOSIONS OF GREAT POWER

reasoning beings would still find means of existence. They would adapt themselves to their constantly changing environment. So I think it quite possible that in a frozen planet, such as our moon is supposed to be, intelligent beings may still dwell, in its interior, if not on its surface.

SIGNALLING AT 100,000,000 MILES!

Then it is contended that it is beyond human power and ingenuity to convey signals to the almost inconceivable distances of fifty million or one hundred million miles. This might have been a valid argument formerly. It is not so now. Most of those who are enthusiastic upon the subject of interplanetary communication have reposed their faith in the light-ray as the best possible medium of such communication. True, waves of light, owing to their immense rapidity of succession, can penetrate space more readily than waves less rapid, but a simple consideration will show that by their means an exchange of signals between this earth and its companions in the solar system is, at least now,

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SUPPLYING ELECTRICAL ENERGY THROUGH A SINGLE WIRE WITHOUT RETURN

TRANSMITTING ELECTRICAL ENERGY THROUGH THE EARTH WITHOUT WIRE

AN ELECTRICAL OSCILLATOR DELIVERING ENERGY AT A RATE OF 75,000 HORSE-POWER

apparatus had measured but a few hundred horse-power, and I produced electrical movements of rates of one hundred and ten thousand horse-power. Prior to this, only insignificant electrical pressures were obtained, while I have reached fifty million volts.

The accompanying illustrations, with their descriptive titles, taken from an article I wrote for the "Century Magazine," may serve to convey an idea of the results I obtained in the directions indicated.

Many persons in my own profession have wondered at them and have asked what I am trying to do. But the time is not far away now when the practical results of my labors will be placed before the world and their influence felt everywhere. One of the immediate consequences will be the transmission of messages without wires, over sea or land, to an immense distance. I have already demonstrated, by crucial tests, the practicability of signalling by my system from one to any other point of the globe, no matter how remote, and I shall soon convert the disbelievers.

I have every reason for congratulating myself that throughout these experiments, many of which were exceedingly delicate and hazardous, neither myself nor any of my assistants received an injury. When working with these powerful electrical oscillations the most extraordinary phenomena take place at times. Owing to some interference of the oscillations, veritable balls of fire are apt to leap out to a great distance, and if any one were within or near their paths, he would be instantly destroyed. A machine such as I have used could easily kill, in an instant, three hundred thousand persons. I observed that the strain upon my assistants was telling, and some of them could not endure the extreme tension of the nerves. But these perils are now entirely overcome, and the operation of such apparatus, however powerful, involves no risk whatever.

As I was improving my machines for the production of intense electrical actions, I was also perfecting the means for observing feeble effects. One of the most interesting results, and also one of great practical importance, was the development of certain contrivances for indicating at a distance of

many hundred miles an approaching storm, its direction, speed and distance travelled. These appliances are likely to be valuable in future meteorological observations and surveying, and will lend themselves particularly to many naval uses.

It was in carrying on this work that for the first time I discovered those mysterious effects which have elicited such unusual interest. I had perfected the apparatus referred to so far that from my laboratory in the Colorado mountains I could feel the pulse of the globe, as it were, noting every electrical change that occurred within a radius of eleven hundred miles.

TERRIFIED BY SUCCESS

I can never forget the first sensations I experienced when it dawned upon me that I had observed something possibly of incalculable consequences to mankind. I felt as though I were present at the birth of a new knowledge or the revelation of a great truth. Even now, at times, I can vividly recall the incident, and see my apparatus as though it were actually before me. My first observations positively terrified me, as there was present in them something mysterious, not to say supernatural, and I was alone in my laboratory at night; but at that time the idea of these disturbances being intelligently controlled signals did not yet present itself to me.

The changes I noted were taking place periodically, and with such a clear suggestion of number and order that they were not traceable to any cause then known to me. I was familiar, of course, with such electrical disturbances as are produced by the sun, Aurora Borealis and earth currents, and I was as sure as I could be of any fact that these variations were due to none of these causes. The nature of my experiments precluded the possibility of the changes being produced by atmospheric disturbances, as has been rashly asserted by some. It was some time afterward when the thought flashed upon my mind that the disturbances I had observed might be due to an intelligent control. Although I could not decipher their meaning, it was impossible for me to think of them as having been entirely accidental. The feeling is constantly growing on me that I had been the first to hear the greeting

of one planet to another. A purpose was behind these electrical signals; and it was with this conviction that I announced to the Red Cross Society, when it asked me to indicate one of the great possible achievements of the next hundred years, that it would probably be the confirmation and interpretation of this planetary challenge to us.

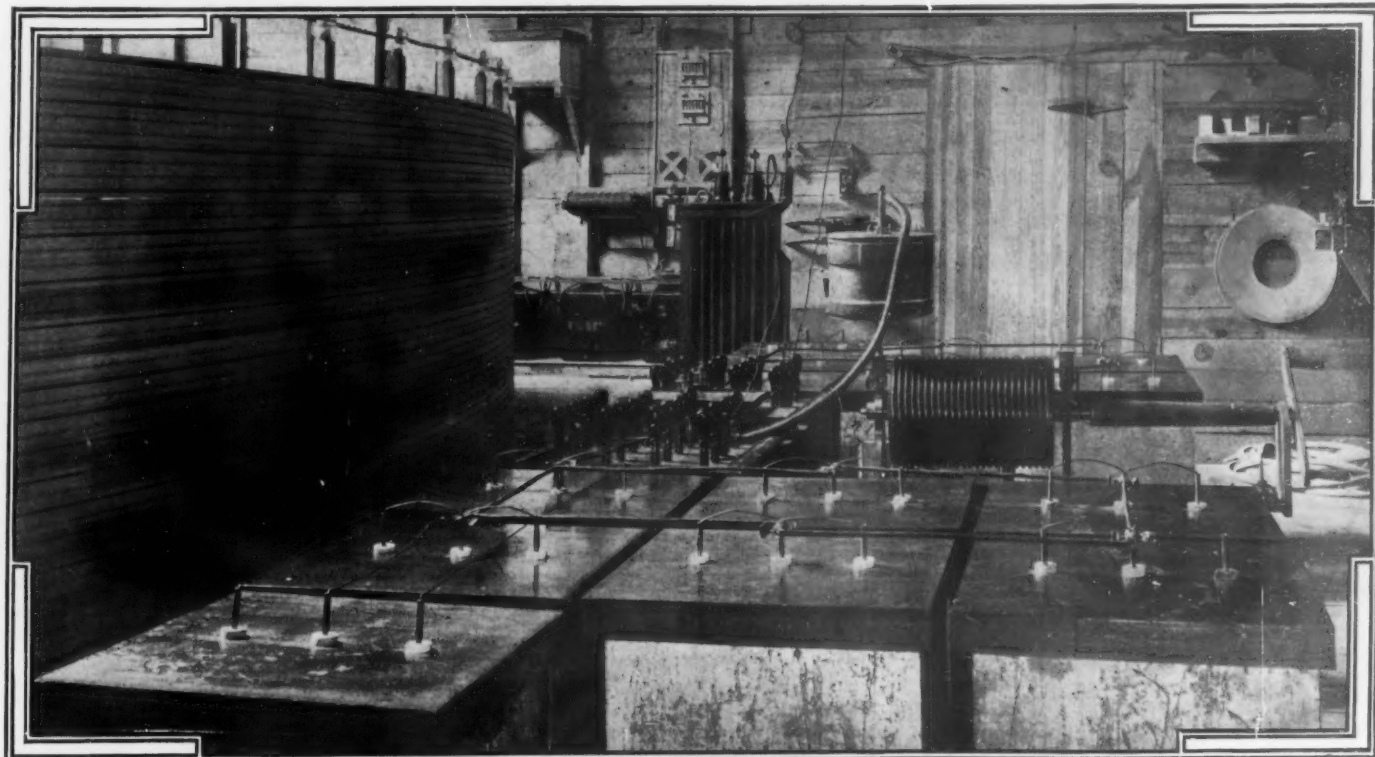
Since my return to New York more urgent work has consumed all my attention; but I have never ceased to think of those experiences and of the observations made in Colorado. I am constantly endeavoring to improve and perfect my apparatus, and just as soon as practicable I shall again take up the thread of my investigations at the point where I have been forced to lay it down for a time.

COMMUNICATING WITH THE MARTIANS

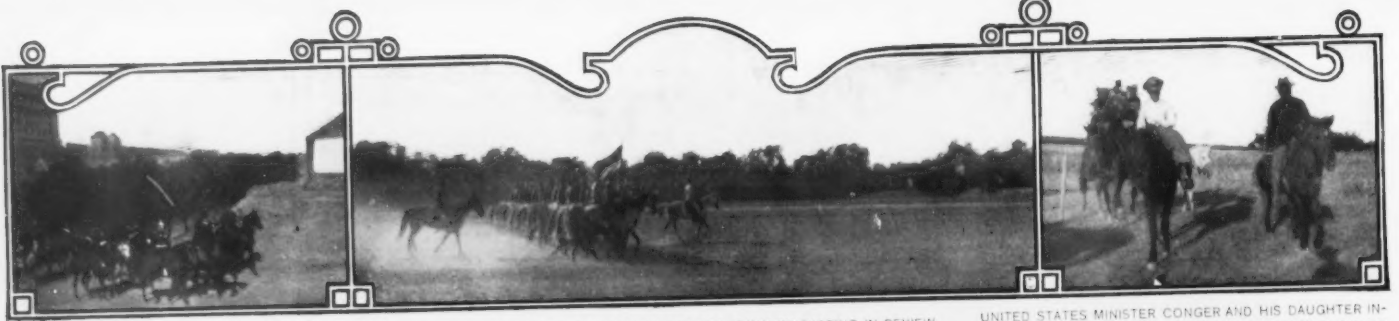
At the present stage of progress, there would be no insurmountable obstacle in constructing a machine capable of conveying a message to Mars, nor would there be any great difficulty in recording signals transmitted to us by the inhabitants of that planet, if they be skilled electricians. Communication once established, even in the simplest way, as by a mere interchange of numbers, the progress toward more intelligible communication would be rapid. Absolute certitude as to the receipt and interchange of messages would be reached as soon as we could respond with the number "four," say, in reply to the signal "one, two, three." The Martians, or the inhabitants of whatever planet had signalled to us, would understand at once that we had caught their message across the gulf of space and had sent back a response. To convey a knowledge of form by such means is, while very difficult, not impossible, and I have already found a way of doing it.

What a tremendous stir this would make in the world! How soon will it come? For that it will some time be accomplished must be clear to every thoughtful being.

Something, at least, science has gained. But I hope that it will also be demonstrated soon that in my experiments in the West I was not merely beholding a vision, but had caught sight of a great and profound truth.



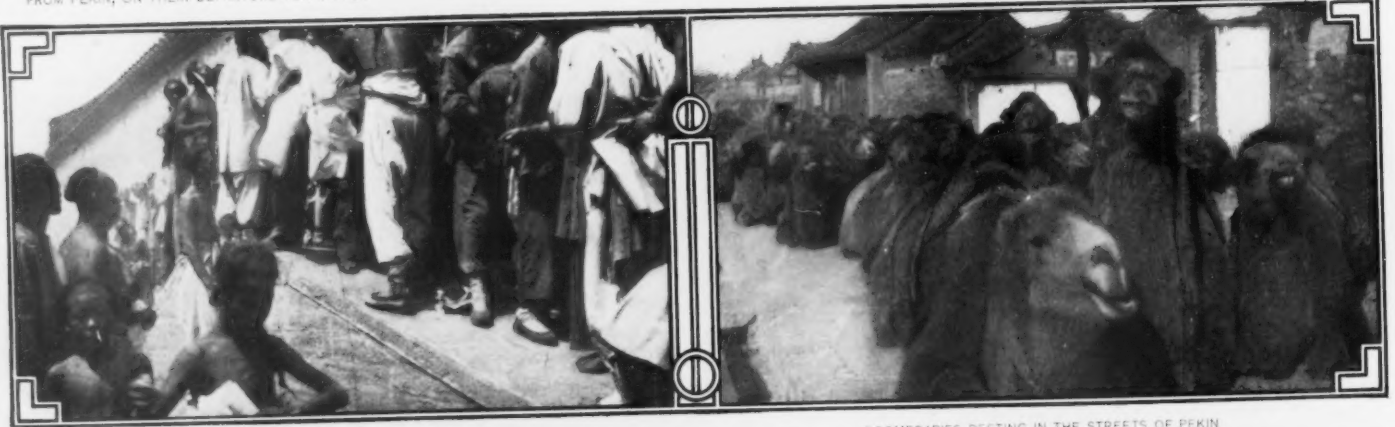
PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEW OF THE ESSENTIAL PARTS OF THE ELECTRICAL OSCILLATOR USED IN MR. TESLA'S EXPERIMENTS



GENERAL CHAFFEE AND GENERAL WILSON, WITH GERMAN STAFF OFFICERS, ESCORTING THE 14TH INFANTRY FROM PEKIN, ON THEIR DEPARTURE FOR MANILA

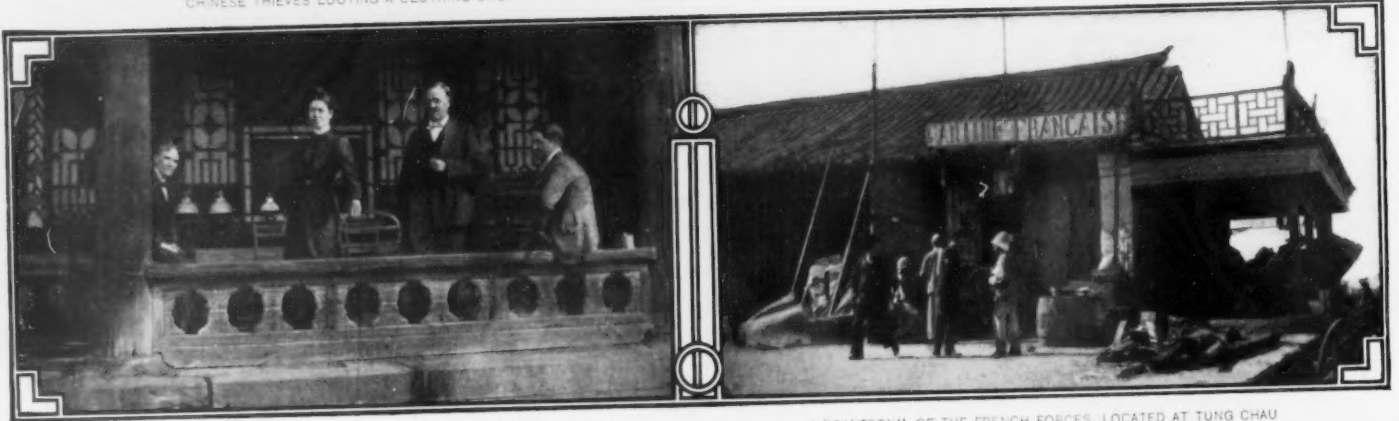
A TROOP OF THE 6TH UNITED STATES CAVALRY PASSING IN REVIEW BEFORE THE OFFICERS OF THE ALLIES

UNITED STATES MINISTER CONGER AND HIS DAUGHTER INDULGING IN THEIR FAVORITE MORNING EXERCISE, RIDING CHINESE PONIES THROUGH THE SUBURBS OF THE CITY



CHINESE THIEVES LOOTING A CLOTHING SHOP

DROMEDARIES RESTING IN THE STREETS OF PEKIN



AMERICAN MISSIONARIES LIVING IN THE "COMMANDEERED" PALACE OF A RICH BOXER

A "CANTEEN" OF THE FRENCH FORCES, LOCATED AT TUNG CHAU

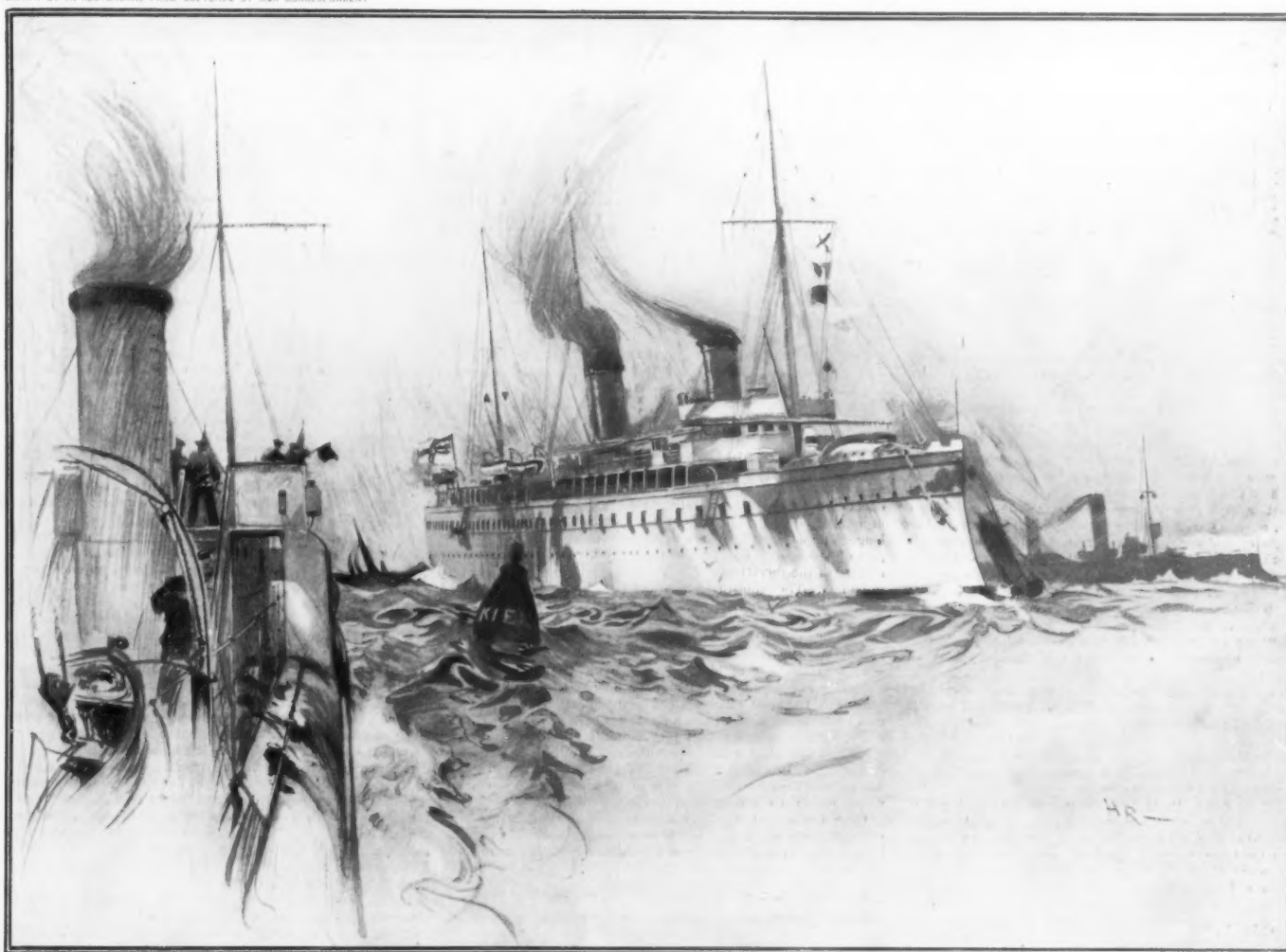


COUNT VON WALDERSEE ENTERING THE FORBIDDEN CITY, ESCORTED BY GENERAL OFFICERS, THE 6TH U. S. CAVALRY AND THE 14TH INFANTRY

A BUSINESS STREET IN PEKIN TWO MONTHS AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF THE CITY BY THE ALLIES, SHOWING THE RESUMPTION OF TRAFFIC

WHAT IS GOING ON IN PEKIN

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY ARTHUR JOHNSTON, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES IN CHINA



THE TORPEDO BOAT "STEINER"

THE IMPERIAL YACHT "HOHENZOLLERN"

THE CRUISER "NYMPHE"

THE NAVAL ESCORT OF THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, DESIGNATED TO TAKE PART IN THE FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA

WHAT IS GOING ON IN PEKIN

By FREDERICK PALMER, Special War Correspondent of Collier's Weekly

"EVERYTHING depends on the Boxers and the Germans when the Boxers thaw out in the spring," writes a friend from Pekin.

At this season Nature compels the Chinese patriot to be quiescent, and incidentally keeps the foreign troops within their garrisons. The climate of the northern provinces, where the insurrection flourished, is that of the Dakotas and Manitoba. It would be even more interesting to know what the Boxers are saying as they hug the comfort of their charcoal fires in their unventilated mud houses than what the Ministers, the Peace Commissioners or the Emperor and Empress are saying.

Are they telling one another that they have had enough of blood and riot and concluding to settle down to the ways of peace? Or, are they nursing their discontent and spreading the hatred of the foreigner with a view to more extensive outlawry when the air is warm and foot travel is easy?

The portion of China which has been actually affected by the Boxer movement thus far, as compared with the whole, is as the territory of New England to that of the United States. What if the whole becomes affected! A year ago, the missionaries scattered over the country formed a secret service that kept measurably in touch with native opinion. It was from them that the first warnings of impending outbreak last summer were received. But now they are in Pekin, living luxuriously in the palaces of absent princes, or else in the treaty ports or back in their native lands on leave.

Such is the loneliness of the white man in China, such is his complete separation from the native on account of language and tastes, that the Boxer propagandist might carry on his agitation under the very noses of the white sentries. Our only source of information about the state of public sentiment is the Ministers—the same Ministers who were confident of protection up to almost the very hour that the mob surrounded them. They represent a little community on Legation Street which is completely hidden if you place your thumb on a map of Pekin. They hold conferences with Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching, who communicate with the Chinese court at Sian-fu. To expect these two wise old Chinese to reveal all they know would be as futile as to expect the Emperor William to declare for a German Republic. They hate the foreigners just as much as the Boxers, only their weapons are those of the ever-opportunist Oriental statesman. The Ministers, also, have their interpreters and Chinese employees who would always rather give pleasant than bad news; and can obtain little news that is reliable.

WHAT THE GERMANS ARE DOING

Beyond the legations are the foreign troops, which have divided the city into sections for the maintenance of order. In the American and the Japanese, and more or less in the British section, there are now few outward signs, I am told, to signify foreign control except the occasional sentry passing up and down the street. The shops are open, and men and

women go to and fro in the pursuit of their avocations as in the old days. It is quite different in the German, the French and the Italian quarters. As late as the first week in December, not one-third of the shops in the quarter controlled by the Germans had been opened. Indiscriminate shooting by German sentries and harsh up-and-down German military methods are responsible. The German officer and the German soldier, like the French and the Italian, seem to think that anything they can lay their hands on is fair plunder; and license goes with conquest in the East. They are carrying out to the letter the orders of their Emperor, who bade them make the German soldier such an object of terror in China that the natives would not want to see him again for three hundred years. While women pass in the streets of the American quarter as freely as they would in the streets of New York, they keep in hiding in the French and the Italian quarters for fear of outrage.

These contrasts are to us the most interesting feature of the situation in China. They put the seal of shame upon the sceptics who have found nothing good in our work in the Philippines, and have magnified the exceptions in the upright conduct of our soldiers and officers into a reign of horror. There is no country that could have accomplished so much in so short a time as we have in the Philippines. There is no country which, given the same situation as we faced at the outbreak of the rebellion, would have succeeded as far as we have in pacifying the islands. The theories which the pessimists have spun, that we are unfitted to govern black and brown peoples, have become as ridiculous as the fears of people who remained away from seaside cottages in the summer of '98 for fear of Cervera's fleet. We are as adept as we are humane, by comparison with German officialdom.

Beyond this is the unquestioned fact that every day we are losing political prestige in China. The Chinese merely like our liberality. If we undertook to govern a province adjacent to one under German rule we could keep better order with two thousand soldiers than the Germans could with twenty and the Chinese would migrate from German to American soil, because we would let them multiply, work and thrive undisturbed in their own way. The Germans would stifle business by petty laws, override them with officials and regulations, and make them buy German goods whether they wanted to or no, even as they are doing in Shantung. But as we have no intention of taking over a Chinese province, our popularity is worth nothing to us except its great moral satisfaction, upon which, thankfully, we place great value.

HOW THE CHINESE VIEW AMERICANS

Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching thank us and say that they appreciate our kindness in removing a part of our garrison. To them as Chinese diplomats, however, it means in practice that they have less to fear from us. We are kind, therefore, in Chinese logic, weak. The Germans are not kind, therefore strong. When the final settlement comes

they will have twenty thousand troops on the spot, while we have only a thousand, and the Chinese statesmen who grant concessions from fear and not *noblesse oblige* will be ready to give a great deal more to get the German than the American force out of China. Soon after the German troops go we may be prepared to hear of a convention between China and Germany which drives the German wedge much deeper into the Empire.

We did as hard fighting as any of the Powers except the Japanese. The losses of the Germans in battle do not amount to one-third of ours. But the Chinese do not know that it was our troops which made a famous charge at Tien-tsin and a gallant charge at Yang-tsun. We do not understand the art of imperialistic advertising. The way to impress the Oriental mind with the white man's power is to march through town after town, making a scientific campaign against peaceful civilians under the impression that they are terrible Boxers. In such expeditions have the Germans occupied themselves since their arrival. If the native of the northern provinces cannot distinguish the English, the French, or the American soldier by sight, he can the German, and the German is to him the mightiest foreign devil of them all. All of which goes to show the value of having an emperor if you are going to be imperialistic.

RUSSIA'S SLICE OF THE KINGDOM

The Russians, cable despatches tell us, are establishing political agents throughout Manchuria who are to be its actual rulers. Of course, Manchuria is theirs. Considering that the military operations of last summer showed so completely Russia's weakness in Siberia, they may well be satisfied with what they have gained. Their trans-Siberian railway is not completed and they cannot mobilize in Eastern Asia anything like so large, so well-equipped, or in anywise so potential an army as had been supposed. If they are unimpressed in their gradual encroachments they can fully afford, at this time, to allow the Germans to be aggressive in Shantung.

Among the Foreign Residents in China who have no respect for Li Hung Chang's integrity Li is regarded as a steadfast ally of Russia; or, in other words, they say he is in their pay. This may explain why Russia, of all nations, is siding with the United States and Japan, whose conduct has been consistently humane, in favoring more lenient terms for the peace settlement. Russia is willing to allow Li his way in governing the rest of China if she is allowed to pacify the three northern provinces on her own account. No people are more sincere than the Japanese in desiring the maintenance of the integrity of China and that the Chinese should govern themselves. Japan's growing trade needs open ports as much as ours. She would rather see China capable of defending itself against the white man's power than the white man's power aggrandized almost at her own door. China in this crisis has had no more consistent friend and civilization no better sponsor than

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21)

TELEPHONING WITH EUROPE

THE RECENT INVENTION OF PROFESSOR M. I. PUPIN, OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, WHICH WILL MAKE THIS POSSIBLE, PROMISES TO SUPERSEDE THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF OCEAN CABLES AND ENABLE US TO SEND MESSAGES FROM NEW YORK TO LONDON, PARIS OR BERLIN AT THE RATE OF ONE THOUSAND WORDS A MINUTE

By HERBERT WALLACE

BY MEANS of simple coils of wire, similar in form and action to the ordinary induction coil, attached along the line of communication, Professor Michael Idvorsky Pupin, Ph.D., of Columbia University, has made possible the transmission of the spoken word across thousands of miles of space, across continents and oceans if you will; he has discovered, first by pure mathematical reasoning and then by practical experiment, a new method of electric communication which seems likely to revolutionize present systems and to literally link the ends of the earth together. Along a telephone or telegraph wire Professor Pupin arranges, at certain intervals, a series of "choking coils," which overcome the evil effects of resistance in the wire and permit the message—the spoken word or the telegraphic dot or dash—to travel over much greater distances than has been possible heretofore. If one asks him about it, the inventor will reply:

"Yes, by means of this principle which I have worked out, it is possible to telephone across the ocean. Telegraphy? Yes, telephony or telegraphy or the transmission of electric power—it is applicable to one and all of these, on land or under seas."

Inquire of him whether the present slow methods of cabling will be improved through the use of his apparatus and he will tell you that he sees no reason why the rapid telegraphy instruments—those that click off one thousand words a minute—cannot be attached to a Pupin cable and used successfully. Indeed, he adds, experiments have demonstrated that all these things can be done and very easily.

And yet Professor Pupin is a modest man, unwilling that the present notoriety should have come to him; merely, as he would say himself, a student of science, whose labors are not to be measured in terms of dollars and cents, according to the financial return of his invention. For nearly six years he has been patiently laboring in a special laboratory in the basement of the Mines Building of the University; he has spent thousands of dollars upon his apparatus, one set of instruments replacing another as defects were found. And now he is still working on other electrical problems, unmindful, to all appearances, of having received a half-million dollars in cash and a large annuity for his invention, interested more in the scientific side of the problems than in their application to commercial uses.

At any rate, Professor Pupin has done a great public service. He has made possible a speaking conversation between New York and London, between San Francisco and Manila or Hong Kong. His invention will do away with many present inconveniences in electric communication, cable rates and telegraph tolls will doubtless be reduced—the subject opens up a wide range of possibilities.

It is not easy to explain the working of Professor Pupin's invention. As a rule, no sooner does the scientist make an important discovery before the public plucks out the heart of his mystery, but the present apparatus is so largely the result of pure mathematical reasoning that it is difficult to grasp the working principles of it. For example, one phase of the problem involved is graphically expressed as the superposition of a double harmonic upon a double catenary. It would take some time to get at an understanding of just what that had to do

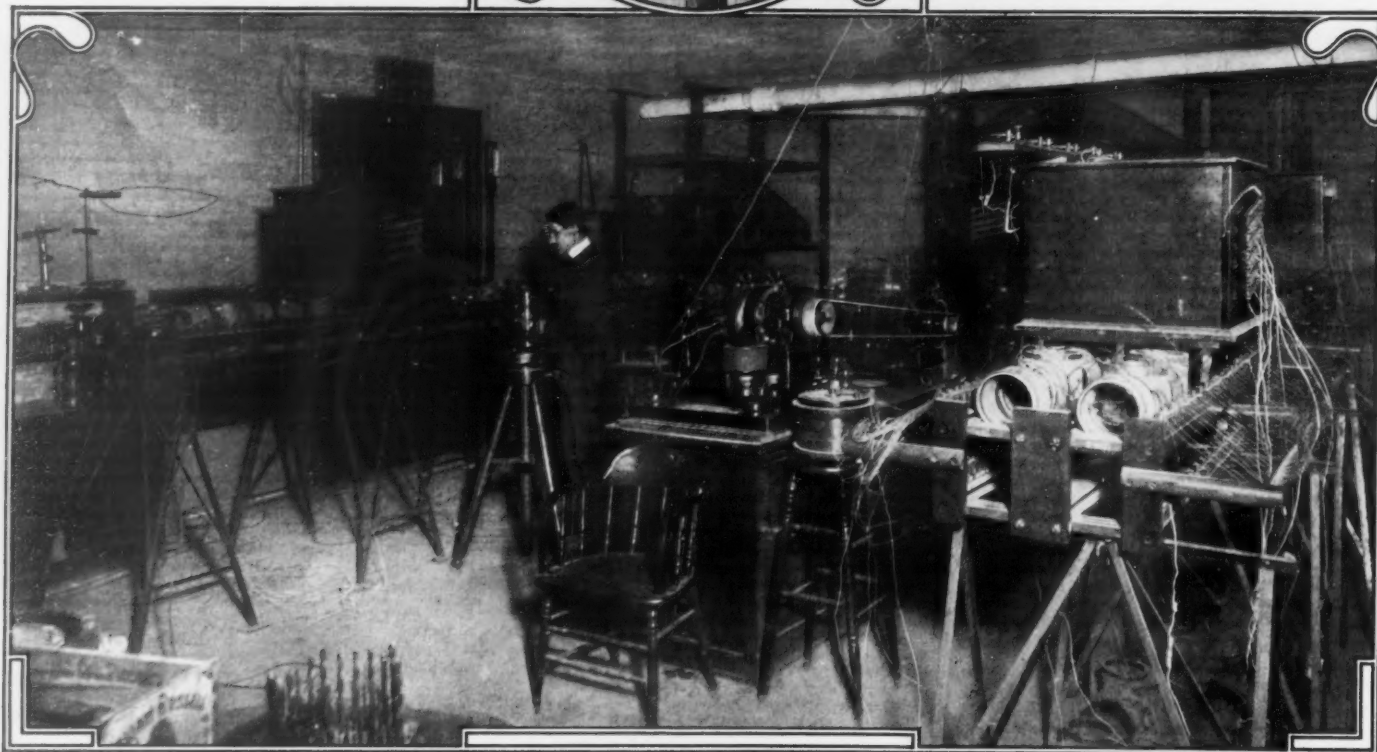
with telephoning under the ocean. But let us look at the question of electric communication—telephony, telegraphy and the transmission of electric power—in another light and see where Professor Pupin has improved present methods. We are now able to telephone some fifteen hundred miles over land and to cable across the Atlantic at a rate averaging about eighteen words a minute. Why has not the sound of the human voice been carried further or why is cabling such a delicate and slow operation as it is at present? Because, the scientist tells us, the electric vibrations which produce these effects are of the slow alternating kind, only a few thousand in number per second, and producing waves hundreds of miles long. The wire, along which the waves travel, absorbs a large part of the energy sent out, so that only a very small effect is noticed at the receiving end. After a certain limit no effect is to be had. The problem, then, was to overcome the resistance of the wire. For the reason that the waves were so long, it was practically impossible to study them. They were not like the Hertzian waves, from a few inches to a few hundred feet in length, which could be easily managed, though they did vibrate at the rate of billions per second. Furthermore, as Professor Pupin pointed out to his fellow scientists some two years ago, the laws which applied to the short Hertzian waves could not be applied to the long waves of a slow alternating current, for the reason that the former kind radiated in free space and the latter were forced along a single path or wire. Accordingly, Professor Pupin set about to find a means of producing short waves along a wire or of breaking up the long waves which are produced in the ordinary way.

Here it was that the light of other science illuminated his problem. He knew that if he placed in the path of a ray of light a piece of glass the light waves would be shorter in the

glass than in vacuum; if he placed a denser substance in the path of the light ray, the waves would be still shorter in that substance; if he used a substance a million times as dense as vacuum—that is, a substance which stored up a million times as much energy as vacuum—the light waves in that substance would be one-millionth part as long as the waves in vacuum. Professor Pupin argued that the same thing could be done with electric waves, and he settled upon coils of wire as the proper mediums of interference. For example, in one of his experiments he connected fourteen coils of wire, each coil having the same capacity, resistance and self-induction as ten miles of telephone wire. That is to say, his series of coils, three and a half feet in length, could store up as much energy as one hundred and forty miles of telephone wire. Now a wave of electricity sent through the coils would expend one hundred and forty miles of wave length in going over three and a half feet of rectilinear distance; its rectilinear velocity, and, accordingly, its rectilinear wave length, would be reduced over two hundred thousand times. When he had found this convenient way of producing short waves, Professor Pupin proceeded to apply his coils to a telephone wire. He found that by placing one coil every mile he accomplished what he wanted. The self-induction of the coil equalized the capacity for resistance of a certain length of wire and so the absorption of energy along the line was prevented. The telephonic or telegraphic current, as has been explained, is a slow alternating one, and, consequently, self-induction and capacity are opposing factors of the line's efficiency. A perfect line of electric communication would be one which has equal capacity, self-induction and resistance, but as it is not possible to distribute these factors uniformly along the line, Professor Pupin has overcome the difficulty by inserting coils of large self-induction at convenient intervals, each coil overcoming the evil effects of resistance in a certain length of wire.

In his present working apparatus, Professor Pupin has attached two hundred and fifty of his "choking coils" to a two hundred and fifty-mile telephone circuit, one coil being inserted in every mile of the telephone circuit. Each coil has four terminals, it being made up of two sizes of wire carefully insulated from each other. The effect is an inductive one; each coil stores up as much energy as a mile of the telephone wire, the effect of the coil overcoming the resistance in the wire, allowing the energy to go on unimpaired in strength. Of course, there is some loss along the line; if there were not, there seems to be no reason why Professor Pupin's arrangement would not permit one to telephone around the world if need be. But, as it is, the invention is sufficiently efficient. Doubtless, there are still many problems of adjustment yet to be settled before the apparatus can be applied extensively. For instance, the distance apart at which the coils will have to be placed on a telephone wire on land will be different from the distance on an ocean cable. Professor Pupin has demonstrated the usefulness of the principle, however, and it will not be long before its application will come. Already, a cable based on the Pupin pattern is being planned for the Atlantic, and, doubtless, when its efficiency is once established, the government will want to use the principle in connection with a cable to the Philippines.

PROFESSOR M. I. PUPIN, THE INVENTOR, IN HIS LABORATORY



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LABORATORY—Each of the boxes shown contains fifty miles of wire. The "choking coils" are on the stands and floor. They are connected with the wire in the boxes by the network of wires



THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE *Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," Etc., Etc.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS

The prologue takes place in London, where David Leone, a little Italian street musician, poor and in distress, is taken into the house of one Doctor Roselli and kindly cared for. The doctor is supposed to be a certain Prince Volomna, exiled from Rome for conspiracies against both the papal and royal governments. His infant daughter appears for a moment when little David is brought home by her father. She is seen again at the opening of the story proper, twenty years after, attending a ceremony at St. Peter's, in Rome. She is now known as Donna Roma, and has become a sculptress. Her marvellous beauty and extravagant living are the talk of the Eternal City. Gossip has it that Baron Bonmino, Italy's autocratic Prime Minister, furnishes her with the means of leading so luxurious a life, and that Donna Roma thus has a strong influence upon Italian politics.

V



THE CURTAINS parted over the inner doorway, and three gentlemen came out. The first was a tall, spare man, about fifty years of age, with an intellectual head, features cut clear and hard like granite, glittering eyes under overhanging brows, black mustaches turned up at the ends, and iron gray hair cropped very short over a high forehead. It was the Baron Bonmino. He was faultlessly dressed, had an air of distinction, and made an instantaneous impression of force and power.

One of the two men with him had a face which looked as if it had been carved by a sword or an adze, good and honest but blunt and rugged; and the other had a long, narrow head, like the head of a hen—a lanky person with a certain mixture of arrogance and servility in his expression.

The company rose from their places in the Loggia, and there were greetings and introductions.

"Sir Evelyn Wise, gentlemen, the new British Ambassador—General Morra, our Minister of War, Commendatore Angelelli, our Chief of Police. A thousand apologies, ladies! A Minister of the Interior is one of the human atoms that live from minute to minute and are always at the mercy of events. You must excuse the Commendatore, gentlemen, he has urgent duties outside."

The Prime Minister spoke with the lucidity and emphasis of a man accustomed to command, and when Angelelli had bowed all round he crossed with him to the door.

"If there is any suspicion of commotion arrest the ringleaders at once. Let there be no trifling with disorder by whomsoever begun. The first to offend must be the first to be arrested, whether he wears cap or cockade."

"Good, your Excellency," and the Chief of Police went out. "Commotion! Disorder! Madonna mia!" cried the little Princess.

"Calm yourselves, ladies. It's nothing! Only it came to the knowledge of the Government that the Pope's procession this morning might be made the excuse for a disorderly demonstration, and of course order must not be disturbed even under the pretext of liberty and religion."

"So that was the public business which deprived us of your society?" said the Princess, with the sweetest twinkle of her little eyes.

"And left my womanless house the duty of receiving you in

my absence," said the Baron, with a stately bow. Then in explanation of his preceding words he added:

"The Pope, dear friends, is a good and venerable man, but he shows disrespect and antagonism to all that Italy holds dear, and it is the duty of the Government to see that this latest of his challenges is not turned to account by the enemies of the King."

"Can it be possible that your Excellency apprehends another anarchist rising?" said the Englishman.

"In Rome? No! A city of sleepy ones—of aristocratic calm—of benevolent indifference. All the rest of the world boils and bubbles, Rome smiles at everything; it is the Eternal City, with an unflinching faith in its own destinies. Its proletariat—an inert mass; its nobles—chiefly idlers in the court of their goddess love; its middle class—the only one to be reckoned with, and they live on the civil service, and therefore support the law. All the same the Pope is a person of no country, he has forbidden his faithful ones to be patriots and take part in the affairs of Italy; and it is possible for the man of the piazza—the man in the street, as you say—to imagine that this celebration at the end of the century strikes the note of a sort of international Christian Socialism, in which the Holy Father stands for the people against all Kings and Governments."

"Preposterous idea!"

"Preposterous, indeed, Princess. A people's Pope is an impossible being. A Pope who is tolerant of other faiths or authority is illogical and absurd. The policy of priests known as the Vatican must ever remain a mystery to the outer world, but its propaganda is, and always must be, anti-democratic. As a matter of fact the present Pope is the most determined upholder of the Vatican idea—the absolute rule of one man."

"And yet the priests of his own college say he is a Liberal Pope?" said the Englishman.

"The priests of my college know better, your Excellency. His life has been the last exposure of that silliest absurdity—a people's Pontiff."

The Baron bowed his guests to their seats, stood with his back to a wide angle, and gave his version of the Pope's career.

"His father was a Roman banker—lived in this house, indeed—and the young Leone was brought up in the Jesuit schools and became a member of the Noble Guard; handsome, accomplished, fond of society and social admiration, a man of the world. This was a cause of disappointment to his father who had intended him for a great career in the Church. They had their differences, and finally a mission was found for him in England and he lived a year in London. The death of the old banker brought him back to Rome, and then, to the astonishment of society, he renounced the world and took holy orders. Why he gave up his life of gallantry did not appear . . ."

"Some affair of the heart, dear Baron," said the little Princess, with another melting look.

"No, there was no talk of that kind, Princess, and not a whisper of scandal. Some said the young diplomat had married in England, and lost his wife there, but nobody knew for certain. There was less doubt about his religious vocation, and when by help of his princely inheritance he turned his mind to the difficult task of reforming vice and ministering to the lowest aspects of misery in the slums of Rome, society said he had turned socialist. His popularity with the people was unbounded, but in the midst of it all he begged to be removed to London. There he set up the same enterprises, and tramped the streets in search of his waifs and outcasts, night and day, year in, year out, as if driven on by a consuming passion of pity for the lost and fallen. In the interests of his health he was called back to Rome—and returned here a white-haired man of forty."

"Ah! what did I say, dear Baron? The apple falls near the tree, you know!"

"By this time he had given away millions, and the Pope wished to make him Archbishop and President of his Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, but he begged to be excused. Then Apostolic Delegate to the United States, and he prayed off. Then Nuncio to Spain, and he went on his knees to remain in the Campagna Romana, and do the work of a simple priest

among a simple people. At last, without consulting him, they made him Cardinal, and, on the death of the Pope, he was Scrutator to the Conclave, and fainted when he read out his own name as that of Sovereign Pontiff of the Church."

The little Princess was wiping her eyes.

"Then—all the world was changed. The priest of the future disappeared in a Pope who was the incarnation of the past. Authority was now his watchword. What was the highest authority on earth? The Holy See! Therefore, the greatest thing for the world was the domination of the Pope. If anybody should say that the power conferred by Christ on his Vicar was only spiritual, let him be accursed! In Christ's name the Pope was sovereign—supreme sovereign over the bodies and souls of men—acknowledging no superior, holding the right to make and depose kings, and claiming to be supreme judge over the consciences and crimes of all—the peasant that tills the soil and the prince that sits on the throne!"

"Tre-men-jous!" said the American.

The company laughed, the Baron smiled. "It was the only logic, General Potter. The Pope was right on his own lines. What happened? The pious chief of the Militia of the Cross began to look forward to a day when he should be again surrounded by an army. His predecessor had been content to cavi and carp about the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope in these poor little Papal States, but he dared to dream of the revival of the Holy Roman Empire. The divine rule of humanity from the chair of St. Peter! A united world worshipping at one altar! The targa and the sword bound together again for the conquest of the world! Nations to have what Governments they pleased, but the Holy See to be over everything! Rome to be the court of arbitration for economic as well as international differences, and the Vicar of Christ to be all in all!"

"A magnificent dream, your Excellency."

"Oh, I recognize its magnificence, Sir Evelyn—the magnificence of a mirage. The grandeur and amplitude of a conception that will be carried into execution when humanity is fed on pap and put back into swaddling clothes. And to-day we are to hear the first trumpet blast that calls on the Church to return to the past and suffocate the twentieth century in the mysticism of the tenth."

"All the same, it stirs my blood like a draught of wine," said the Englishman, "and I'm doubly anxious to see the man who thought of it."

"You'll see more than that to-day," said the Baron: "you'll see the first failure of the Church in its claim to the heirship of the world. You've heard of the order in the Pope's Bull about the simultaneous salutation? No? At noon the Pope will go up to the balcony of St. Peter's and bless the nations of the earth in one solemn benediction. Then all the church bells will ring as signal to the four quarters of the globe of the dawn of the new era. At that moment everything in Rome, in Italy, in Europe, in Christendom—whatever the hour elsewhere—is to come to a dead stand for thirty seconds, while all the world salutes the coming century."

"Tremen-jous!" said the American again.

"Will it happen?" said the Englishman.

The Baron laughed. "If it does it will strike a triumph for the Church before the century begins, and some of us may as well throw up the sponge."

"But, dear Baron," said the little Princess, "don't you think there was an affair of the heart after all?" and the little plumes bobbed sidewise.

The Baron laughed again. "The Pope seems to have half of humanity on his side already—he has all the women apparently."

All this time there had risen from the piazza into the room a humming noise like the swarming of bees, but now a shrill voice came up from the crowd with the sudden swish of a rocket.

"Look out!"

The young Roman, who had been looking over the balcony, turned his head back and said:

"Donna Roma, Excellency."

But the Baron had gone from the room.

"He knew her carriage wheels apparently," said Don

Camillo, and the lips of the little Princess closed tight as if from sudden pain.

V I

THE return of the Baron was announced by the faint rustle of a silk undershirt and a light yet decided step keeping pace with his own. He came back with Donna Roma on his arm, and over his coolness and calm dignity he looked pleased and proud.

The lady herself was brilliantly animated and happy. A certain swing in her graceful carriage gave an instant impression of perfect health, and there was physical health also in the brightness of her eyes and the gaiety of her expression. Her face was lighted up by a smile which seemed to pervade her whole person, and make it radiant with overflowing joy. A vivacity which was at the same time dignified and spontaneous appeared in every movement of her harmonious figure, and as she came into the room there was a glow of health and happiness that filled the air like the glow of sunlight through a veil of soft gauze.

"What a lovely face," whispered the wife of the Englishman.

"She's certainly beautiful, and I must allow she's well dressed," said the little Princess.

She wore a picture hat with ostrich plumes and a tight-fitting astrakhan coat with ermine lining and long flowing skirt that threw out the grace of her full round form, and there was a scarf of old lace about her neck which heightened the brilliancy of her violet eyes.

"I thought you admired her immensely," whispered the Englishwoman again, and the little Princess replied:

"What nonsense! Do you think I'm a man, my dear?"

She saluted the Baron's guests with a smile which fascinated everybody. There was a modified air of freedom about her, as of one who has a right to make advances, a manner which captivates all women in a queen and all men in a lovely woman.

"Ah, it is you, General Potter? And my dear General Morra? Camillo mio!" (The Italian had rushed upon her and kissed her hand.) "Sir Evelyn Wise, from England, isn't it? I'm half an Englishwoman myself, and I'm very proud of it."

Having thus gone through the men her little battle of coquetry ended in kisses for the women.

"Dearest Roma! Enraptured to see you!" said the Princess.

"Charming, isn't she?" said the American.

"I don't believe a word of that story," said the Englishman.

She had smiled frankly into Sir Evelyn's face and he had smiled back without knowing it. There was something contagious about her smile. The rosy mouth with its pearly teeth seemed to smile of itself, and the lovely eyes had their separate art of smiling. Her lips parted of themselves and then you felt your own lips parting.

"Yes, there's some terrible charm about her," whispered the American—"something beyond my comprehension."

"She has lived—that's all I see in it," replied the Englishman.

In a moment she had engaged everybody in a lively conversation. Notwithstanding her natural gaiety and animation those who knew her saw that she was laboring under excitement, and her joyous face seemed to say that the cause of it was a happy one. She was constantly pulling the scarf of lace, and sometimes it fell off her neck, and the young Roman picked it up. Then she laughed, and to keep herself quiet she opened her coat, over a dove-gray gown, and threw herself back in an easy chair, when there was a glimpse of a dainty shoe and a blue-figured stocking.

"You were to have been busy with your fountain to-day . . .," began the Baron.

"So I expected," she said in a voice that was soft yet full, "and I did not think I should care to see any more spectacles in Rome, where the people are going in procession all the year through—but what do you think has brought me?"

"The artist's instinct, of course," said Don Camillo.

"No, just the woman's—to see a man!"

"Lucky fellow, whoever he is!" said the American.

"He'll see something better than you will, though," and then the golden complexion gleamed up at him under a smile like sunshine.

"But who is he?" said the young Roman.

"I'll tell you. Bruno—you remember Bruno?"

"Bruno!" cried the Baron.

"Oh! Bruno is all right," she said, and, turning to the others, "Bruno is my man in the studio—my marble pointer, you know. Bruno Rocco, and nobody was ever so rightly named. A big, shaggy, good-natured bear, always singing or growling or laughing, and as true as steel. A terrible Liberal though; a socialist, an anarchist, a nihilist, and everything that's shocking."

"Well?"

"Well, ever since I began my fountain . . . I'm making a fountain for the Municipality—it is to be erected in the new part of the Piazza Colonna. I expect to finish it in a fortnight. You would like to see it. Yes? I'll send you cards—a little private view, you know."

"But, Bruno?"

"Ah! yes, Bruno! Well, I've been at a loss for a model for one of my figures . . . figures all round the dish, you know. They represent the Twelve Apostles, with Christ in the centre giving out the water of life."

"But, Bruno! Bruno!"

She laughed, and the merry ring of her laughter set them all laughing.

"Well, Bruno has sung the praises of one of his friends until I'm crazy . . . crazy, that's English, isn't it? I told you I was half an Englishwoman. American? Thanks, General! I'm 'just crazy' to get him in."

"Simple enough—hire him to sit to you," said the Princess.

"Oh," with mock solemnity, "he is far too grand a person for that! A member of Parliament, a leader of the Left, a prophet, a person with a mission, and I haven't even dream of it. But this morning, Bruno tells me, his friend, his idol, is to stop the Pope's procession, and present a petition, so I thought I would kill two birds with one stone—see my man and see the spectacle—and here I am to see them!"

"And who is this paragon of yours, my dear?"

"The great David Rossi!"

"That man!"

The white plumes were going like a fan.

"Why not? They say he is beautiful. Tall, dark, distinguished, great ecstatic eyes, solemn expression, and deep, vibrating voice—one of those voices that go through and through you—not a husky 'left' voice that cracks on the top note, you know."

"The man is a public nuisance and ought to be put down by the police," said the little Princess, beating her foot on the floor.

"He has a tongue like a sword and a pen like a dagger," said the young Roman.

Donna Roma's eyes began to flash with a new expression.

"Ah, yes, he is a journalist, isn't he, and libels people in his paper?"

"The creature has ruined more reputations than anybody else in Europe," said the little Princess.

"I remember now. He made a terrible attack on our young old women and our old young men. Declared they were meddling with everything—called them a museum of mummies, and said they were symbolical of the ruin that was coming on the country. Shameful, wasn't it? Nobody likes to be talked about, especially in Rome, where it's the end of everything. But what matter! The young man has perhaps learned freedom of speech in some free country. We can afford to forgive him, can't we? And then he is so interesting and so handsome!"

The words, the tones, the glances, had gone flashing around the room like veiled lightning, and the American looked over at the Englishman, who dropped his head and thought, "It's true, there's something terrible about her—something strange at all events."

"An attempt to stop the Pope's procession might end in tumult," said the American General to the Italian General.

"Was that the danger the Baron spoke about?"

"Yes," said General Morra. "The Government have been compelled to tax bread, and of course that has been a signal for the enemies of the national spirit to say that we are starving the people. This David Rossi is the worst Roman in Rome. He opposed us in Parliament and lost. Petitioned the King and lost again. Now he intends to petition the Pope—with what hope, Heaven knows."

"With the hope of playing on public opinion of course," said the Baron cynically.

"Public opinion is a great force, your Excellency," said the Englishman.

"A great pestilence," said the Baron warmly.

"What is David Rossi?"

"An anarchist, a republican, a nihilist, anything as old as the hills, dear friend, only everything in a new way," said the young Roman.

"David Rossi is the politician who proposes to govern the world by the precepts of the Lord's Prayer," said the American.

"The Lord's Prayer?"

"A dreamer of other days, dear friend," said Don Camillo. "Caught the sacred sickness abroad somewhere, and brought the phantasm of his sick head, intoxicated with God, into the Rome of the resurrection. Lombroso would have shut him up in an asylum. We are more liberal, we only send him to the House of Deputies, where he formulates his impractical theories and draws up statistics of how much polenta the peasants eat."

The Baron paraded on the hearthrug. "David Rossi," he said compassionately, "is a creature of his age. A man of generous impulses and wide sympathies, moved to indignation at the extremes of poverty and wealth, and carried away by the promptings of the eternal religion in the human soul. A dreamer, of course, a dreamer like the Holy Father himself, only his dream is different, and neither could succeed without destroying the other. In the millennium Rossi looks for, not only are kings and princes to disappear, but popes and prelates as well."

"And where does this impractical politician come from?" said the Englishman.

"We must ask you to tell us that, Sir Evelyn, for though he is supposed to be a Roman he seems to have lived most of his life in your country. As silent as an owl and as inscrutable as a sphinx. Nobody in Rome knows certainly who his father was, nobody knows certainly who his mother was. Some say his father was an Englishman, some say a Jew, and some say his mother was a gypsy. A self-centred man, who never talks about himself, and cannot be got to lift the veil which surrounds his birth and early life. Came back to Rome eight years ago, and made a vast noise by propounding his platonic scheme of politics—was called up for his term of military service, refused to do it, got himself imprisoned for six months and came out a mighty hero—was returned to Parliament for no fewer than three constituencies, sat for Rome, took his place on the Extreme Left, and attacked every Minister and every measure which favored the interest of the army—encouraged the workmen not to pay their taxes and the farmers not to pay their rents—and thus became the leader of a noisy faction, and is now surrounded by the degenerate class throughout Italy which dreams of reconstructing society by burying it under ruins."

"A sort of religious anarchist apparently?"

"Say a visionary like the Pope, Sir Evelyn. His sovereign ideal is a vaporous dream which he calls the 'Republic of Man.' The fatherhood of God! The brotherhood of man! Equality of human rights! Unity of humanity! Abolition of war, of national boundaries, of the custom-house officer, of the soldier, of distinctions of race, of ownership of land, of capital, of authority, of the Vatican, of . . . of everything!"

"Makes one think of the magnificent hallucinations of the Early Christian hermits," said the Englishman.

"Even hallucinations can make revolutions," said the American.

"Lived in England, you say?"

"Apparently, and if his early life could be traced it would probably be found that he was brought up in an atmosphere of conspiracy—perhaps under the influence of some vile revolutionary living in London under the protection of your too liberal laws. Therefore one of the men who in every age interpret by their own sufferings the sufferings of the world, and gather about them, without intending it, all the low-bred rascals who try to hurry society into dissolution and anarchy."

Donna Roma sprang up with a movement full of grace and energy. "Anyhow," she said, "he is young and good-looking and romantic and mysterious, and I'm head over ears in love with him already."

"Well, every man is a world," said the American.

"And what about woman?" said Roma.

He threw up his hands, she smiled full into his face, and they laughed together.

V II

A FANFARE of trumpets came from the piazza, and with a cry of delight Roma ran into the balcony, followed by all the women and most of the men.

"Only the signal that the cortège is coming," said Don Camillo. "They'll be some minutes still."

"Santo Dio!" cried Roma. "What a sight! It dazzles me; it makes me dizzy! It's like an immense living thing, a moving creature, great, but undefined, a mighty centogambe with multitudinous heads; and the sound that comes up from it is like the buzz of a million grasshoppers."

After a moment she began to pick out her friends from the maze in which all faces were at first confused in one magic sensation.

"That's the Ninety-third Infantry beyond the obelisk, and these, with the cock feathers, are the Bersaglieri. There's Commendatore Angelelli, the Chief of Police—what's he doing down there, I wonder? That's Fidi, the Pope's doctor. Everybody sends for him, and he knows all the secrets—ah, he could tell us something! There's Madame Sella, the Queen's dress-maker—she has married her daughter to a Cavaliere, and would I get her son into the ministry if she had one. That's Palomba, the Mayor, in his big gilt carriage; and that's his wife beside him, the pale, sweet lady with the roving eyes. Palomba is a millionaire, and has his poorer served on gold, but his wife is really out of her mind, poor creature—ah, love is a sugared pill! There's Olga the journalist, and Lena the cartoonist—they say Lena's husband is Olga's lover—and that's young Charles Minghetti standing by the carriage of the old gentleman covered with medals. Charles is Palomba's nephew—he got into trouble at the Embassy in London and had to leave the service. Oh, what a lovely sight! All the dresses of Europe! But how funny the men look in evening dress in the morning. Wonder if the policemen gave them away when they came down the street, and said 'Good-night' to them as usual."

Her face beamed, her eyes danced, and she was all aglow from head to foot. The American Ambassador stood behind her, and, as permitted by his greater age, he tossed back the shuttlecock of her playful talk with chaff and laughter.

"How patient the people are! See the little groups on campstools, munching biscuits and reading the journals. 'La Vera Roma!' (mimicking the cry of the newspaper sellers). 'Look at that pretty girl—the fair one with the young man in the Homburg hat! She has climbed up the obelisk, and is inviting him to sit on an inch and a half of corbel beside her!'"

"Ah, those who love take up little room!"

"Don't they? What a lovely world it is. I'll tell you what this makes me think about—a wedding! Glorious morning, beautiful sunshine, flowers, wreaths, bridesmaids ready, coachmen all a posy, only waiting for the bride!"

"A wedding is what you women are always dreaming about—you begin dreaming about it in your cradles—it's in a woman's bones, I do believe," said the American.

"Must be the ones she got from Adam, then," said Roma.

Meantime the Baron was still parading the hearthrug inside and listening to the warnings of his Minister of War.

"You are resolved to arrest the man?"

"If he gives us any opportunity—yes."

"You do not forget that he is a Deputy?"

"It is because I remember it that my resolution is fixed. In Parliament he is a privileged person; let him make half as much disorder outside and you shall see where he will be."

"Anarchists!" said Roma. "That group below the balcony? Strange! I don't feel the least repugnance!"

"Did you think they were a kind of wild beast that ought to be shut up in cages?"

"Certainly I did, but then I think that of every son of Adam. Is David Rossi among them? Yes? Which of them? Which? Which? The tall man in the black hat with his back to us? Oh! why doesn't he turn his face? Should I shout?"

"Roma!" from the little Princess.

"I know; I'll faint, and you'll catch me, and the Princess will cry 'Madonna mia!' and then he'll turn round and look up."

"My child!"

"He'll see through you, though, and then where will you be?"

"See through me, indeed!" and she laughed the laugh a man loves to hear, half raillery, half caress.

"Donna Roma Volonna, daughter of a line of Princes, making love to a nameless nobody!"

"Shows what a heavenly character she is then! See how good I am at throwing bouquets at myself?"

"Well, what is love, anyway? A certain boy and a certain girl agree to go for a row in the same boat to the same place, and if they pull together what does it matter where they come from?"

"What, indeed?" she said, and a smile, partly serious, played about the parted mouth.

"Could you think like that?"

"I could! I could! I could!"

The Minister of War was looking grave.

"The man has a great following. Remember, whatever their differences, the priests are with him."

"They are always with everybody who is aiming to overthrow the Royal dynasty," said the Baron.

"If the Pope should receive his petition and listen to him . . ."

"Let him! Let the Pope join hands with any of the visionaries who are trying to bring society back to barbarism, and we shall know what to do. In the combined plague of clericalism and anarchism some vigorous international measures would soon be necessary, and that would be the end of the Holy Roman Empire and of the Millennium of the Lord's Prayer as well."

The clock struck eleven. Another fanfare of trumpets came from the direction of the Vatican, and then the confused noises in the square suddenly ceased and a broad "Ah!" passed over it, as of a vast living creature taking breath.

"They're coming!" cried Roma. "Baron, the cortège is coming."

"Presently," the Baron answered from within.

Roma's dog, which had slept on a chair through the tumult, was awakened by the lull and began to bark. She picked it up, tucked it under her arm and ran back to the balcony, where she stood by the parapet, in full view of the people below, with the young Roman on one side, the American on the other, and the ladies seated around.

By this time the procession had begun to appear, coming from a bronze gate under the right arm of the colonnade, and

passing down the channel which had been kept open by the cordon of infantry. At first a mixed anachronistic company, with gentlemen in evening dress, having glittering stars on their shirt-fronts and chamberlains in silk stockings and ruffs. Roma abandoned herself to the fascinations of the scene, and her gayety infected everybody.

"Camillo, you must tell me who they all are. There now—those men who come first in black and red?"

"Laymen," said the young Roman. "They're called the Apostolic Cursori. When a Cardinal is nominated they take him the news, and get two or three thousand francs for their trouble."

"Good for them! And those fine fellows in tight black vestments like Spanish buccaneers?"

"The Mazzini! They carry the mace to clear the way."

"Of course, the mace! That's the big, bright silver stick, the same as the porter's! And this gorgeous person glittering like a game cock?"

"That's the Pope's Jeweller. He makes the Holy Rose and takes care of the Pope's crown."

"Looks it, bless him! And what is the person in red and purple?"

"Master of the Host, and that old priest behind him is one of the Under-Sacristans."

"And these little fat folk in white lace pinafores?"

"Singers of the Sistine Chapel. That's the Director, old Maestro Mustafà—used to be the greatest soprano of the century."

"Thought he looked like an old woman gone wrong," said the American.

"Did you now?"

"Well, look at his figure."

"But a woman's figure is . . . but that's a mystery outside a man's inferior nature. Go on, Camillo mio—"

"These men in the long black robes are lawyers of the Apostolic palace."

"And this dear old Padre with the mittens and rosary and the comfortable linsy-woolsey sort of face?"

"That's Father Pifferi, confessor to the Pontifical household. He knows all the sins of the Pope."

"Oh!" said Roma.

At that moment her dog barked furiously, and the old Father looked up at her, whereupon she smiled down at him, and then a half-smile played about his good-natured face.

"That big brown monk is the Capuchin who preaches to the Pope all through Lent, and those monks of different coloring coming behind him . . ."

"I know them, see if I don't," she cried, as there passed under the balcony a double file of monks, nearly all alike, fat, ungainly, fatby, puffy specimens of humanity, carrying torches of triple candles, and telling their beads as they walked.

"The brown ones—Capuchins and Franciscans! Brown and white—Carmelites! Black—Augustines and Benedictines! Black with a white cross—Passionists! And the monks all

white are Trappists. I know the Trappists best, because I drive out to Tre Fontane to buy eucalyptus and flirt with Father John."

"Shocking!" said the American.

"Why not? What are their vows of celibacy but conspiracies against us poor women? Nearly every man a woman wants is either married, or mated, or has sworn off in some way. Oh, how I should love to meet one of those anchorites in real life and make him fly!"

"Well, I dare say the whisking of a petticoat would be more frightening than all his doctors of divinity."

An immense Gonfalone was going past, followed by a long line of clergymen.

"These are the Monsignori," said Don Camillo. "Secret Chaplains and Secret Chamberlains. That one is the Uditore Generale of the Apostolic Room. This one is the Prefect of the Ceremonies. They go with the Pope to the Hall of Vestments where he puts on his sacred robes."

"Do they dress him up?"

"Oh, dear no! That is an honor reserved for much higher dignitaries. Here they come—the General of the Jesuits—they call him the Black Pope."

"Good-morning, Signor, the successor of Loyola!"

"Look! Bishops and Archbishops in white linen mitres, and Cardinals in silver and gold, all aglow with crimson and guipure lace. That one is a Cardinal Bishop—he puts on the Pope's pluviale."

"What's the pluviale?"

"The pluviale . . . I'll show you when the Pope comes. The one behind in the red rochet with silver mitre is a Cardinal Priest. He gives the Pope a gilded candle with a handle to hold it by made of silk embroidered with gold; and the one in the tunic is a Cardinal Deacon—he carries the candlestick, in case the Pope should grow tired."

"Listen!"

From a part of the procession which had passed the balcony there came the sound of harmonious voices.

"The singers of the Sistine Chapel! They're singing a hymn."

"I know it. 'Come, Holy Spirit!' How splendid! How glorious! I feel as if I wanted to cry!"

But she was still smiling at the whole world because it was so great and so beautiful, when the Baron came up behind, and, leaning against the plaster of the window, spoke over her shoulder to the Minister of War, who stood beside her.

"That's the enemy within our gates! An actor versed in every art of arresting the eye and ear of the populace, and with the experience of sixteen centuries in playing the drama of sovereignty. Now, if to this pageantry is added a little sentimentality, who knows what seed it may fertilize in a soil plowed by seventy thousand priests and harrowed by men like David Rossi!"

All at once the singing stopped, the murmuring and speaking of the crowd ceased instantly, and there was a breathless moment, such as comes before the first blast of a storm. A

nervous quiver, like the shudder that passes over the earth at sundown, swept across the piazza, and the people stood motionless, every neck stretched, and every eye turned in the direction of the bronze gate, as if God were about to reveal Himself from the Holy of Holies. Then in that grand silence there came the clear call of silver trumpets, and at the next instant the Presence itself.

"The Pope! Baron, the Pope!"

The atmosphere was charged with electricity. A great roar of cheering went up from below like the roaring of surf, and it was followed by a clapping of hands like the running of the sea off a shingly beach after the boom of a tremendous breaker.

An old man, dressed wholly in white, carried shoulder high on a chair glittering with purple and crimson, and having a canopy of silver and gold above him. He wore a triple crown, which glistened in the sunlight, and but for the delicate white hand which he upraised to bless the people, he might have been mistaken for an image.

His face was beautiful and had a ray of beatified light on it—a face of marvellous sweetness and great spirituality.

It was a thrilling moment, and Roma's excitement was intense. "There he is! All in white! He's on a gilded chair under the silken canopy! The canopy is held up by prelates, and the chairmen are in knee-breeches and red velvet. Look at the great waving plumes on either side!"

"Peacock's feathers!" said a voice behind her, but she paid no heed.

"Look at the acolytes swinging incense, and the golden cross coming before him! What thunders of applause—I can hardly hear myself speak. It's like standing on a cliff while the sea below is running mountains high. No, it's like no other sound on earth; it's human—fifty thousand unloosed throats of men! That's the clapping of ladies—listen to the weak applause of their white-gloved fingers. Now they're waving their handkerchiefs. Look! Like the wings of ten thousand butterflies fluttering up from a meadow."

"Like the creation of a Queen Bee," said the cynical voice behind.

"I'll wave my own handkerchief! I must! I can't help it!"

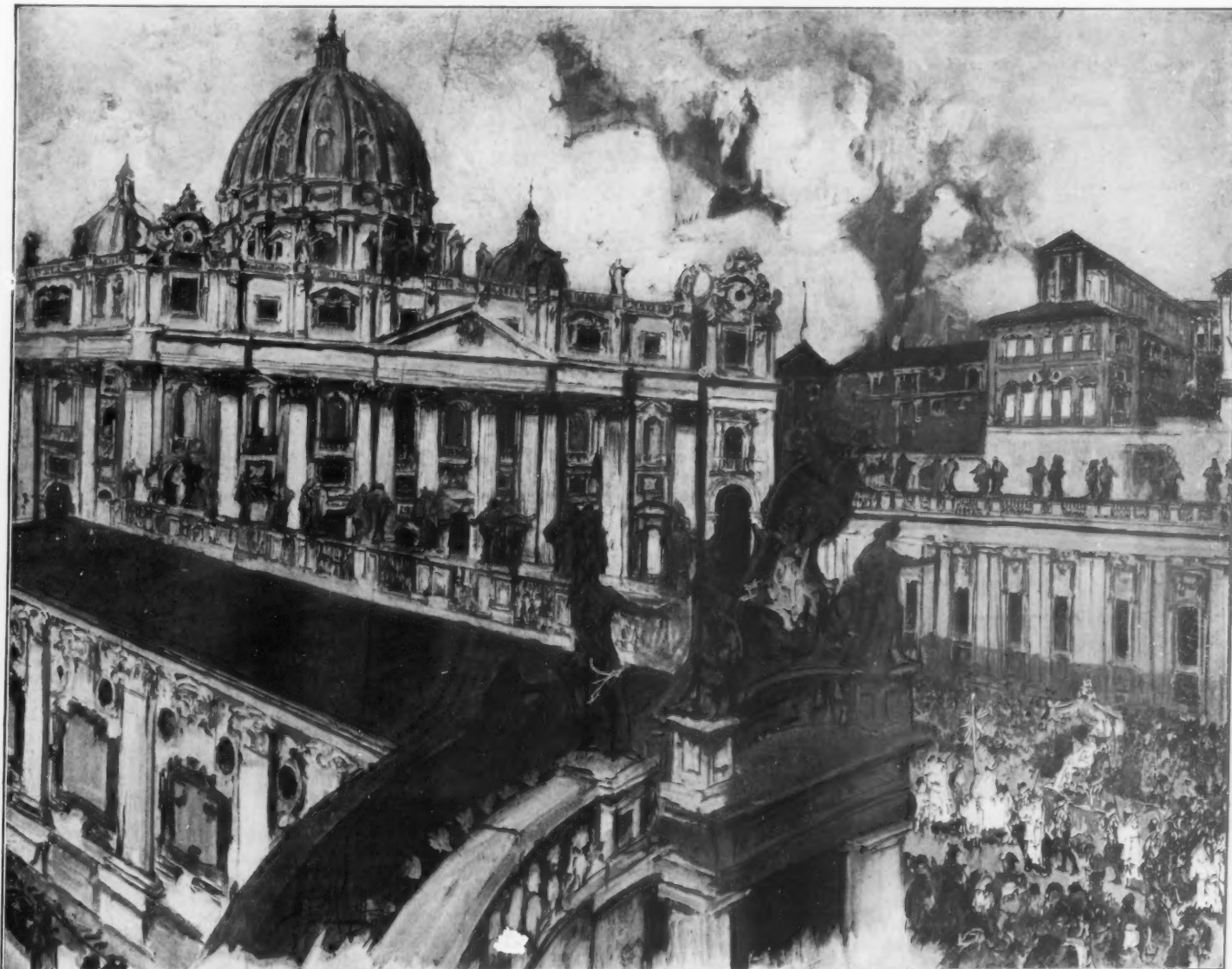
There were deafening shouts in Italian, French and English. "Long live the Pope-King!" "Long live the Workmen's Pope!"

Roma's mental and physical abandonment was by this time complete; she was waving her handkerchief and crying: "Viva il Papa Re!"

"Some of the ladies are fainting. Yes, they're losing their senses."

"They'll lose something more valuable soon—their purses, if they don't take care," said the voice behind, but still Roma heard nothing.

"They're bearing him slowly along. He's coming this way. Look at the Noble Guard in their helmets and jack-boots. And there are the Swiss Guard in Joseph's coat of many colors! We can see him plainly now. Do you smell the incense? It's like the ribbon of Bruges. The pluviale? That gold vestment?"



THE PROCESSION HAD BEGUN TO APPEAR, COMING FROM A BRONZE GATE UNDER THE RIGHT ARM OF THE COLONNADE



PAINTED BY ROBERT HOPKIN

*"All—hands—on—deck !
 Tumble out—for yer life !
 Here we get it in the neck—
 Here's a big steel knife,
 With a mountain-side behind it. Give the horn another blast.*

*Steady—nothing but the suction. Thank the Lord the beggar's past.
 That'll do—the watch below,
 And be ready for a call ;
 For they give us little show.
 May the devil take 'em all !*

A CLOSE SHAVE OF



past.
“ Oh, to h—I wi’ foggy fishin’. Give us trouble off the Horn.
Give us snow, an’ wind, an’ hooraw, with the hooraw whiskey-
born.
Give us half a fightin’ chance.
Give us anythin’ but fog.

An’ a daily devil’s dance,
Wi’ some murder-minded hog—
Wi’ some snorin’, gruntin’ liner, fifty thousand jackass-power,
A-smashin’, crashin’, crushin’, rushin’ twenty knots an hour.”
—MORGAN ROBERTSON

OFF THE GRAND BANKS

It's studded on his breast with precious stones. How they blaze in the sunshine! He is blessing the people, and they are falling on their knees before him."

"Like the grass before the scythe!"

"How tired he looks! How white his face is! No, not white—ivory! No, marble—Carrara marble! He might be Lazarus who was dead and has come back from the tomb! No humanity left in him! A saint! An angel!"

"The spiritual autocrat of the world!" said the voice behind.

"Viva il Papa Re! He's going by! Viva il Papa Re! He has gone . . . Well!"

She was rising from her knees and wiping her eyes, trying to cover up with laughter the confusion of her rapture.

"Such are the enchantments of eternal Rome—Rome the lighthouse on the rock of time!" said the Baron.

"Well," said the American, "if the Pope is a symbol we'll just stick to our flag. Seems to me it isn't too good for a man to be attended like a Pagan god."

"What is that?"

There was a sound of voices in the distance chanting dolorously.

"The monks intoning the *Tu es Petrus*," said Don Camillo.

"No, I mean the commotion down there. Somebody is pushing through the Guard."

"It's David Rossi," said the American.

"Is that David Rossi? Oh, dear me, I had forgotten all about him." She moved forward to see his face. "Why . . . where have I . . . I've seen him before somewhere."

A strange physical sensation tingled all over her at that moment, and she shuddered as if with sudden cold.

"What's amiss?"

"Nothing! But I like him. Do you know I really like him."

"Women are funny things," said the American.

"They're very nice though, aren't they?" And two rows of pearly teeth between parted lips gleamed up at him with gay gallantry.

Again she craned forward. "He is on his knees to the Pope! Now he'll present the petition. No . . . yes . . . the brutes! They're dragging him away! The procession is going on! Disgraceful!"

"Long live the Workmen's Pope!" came up from the Piazza, and under the shrill shouts of the pilgrims were heard the monotonous voices of the monks as they passed through the open doors of the Basilica intoning the praises of God.

"They're lifting him on to a car," said the American.

"David Rossi?"

"Yes, he is going to speak."

"How delightful! Shall we hear him? Good! How glad I am that I came! He is facing this way! Oh, yes, those are his own people with the banners! Baron, the Holy Father has gone on to St. Peter's, and David Rossi is going to speak."

"Hush!"

A quivering, vibrating voice came up from below, and in a moment there was a dead silence.

VIII

"BROTHERS, when Christ himself was on the earth, going up to Jerusalem, He rode on the colt of an ass, and the blind and the lame and the sick came to Him, and He healed them. Humanity is sick and blind and lame to-day, brothers, but the Vicar of Christ goes on."

At the words an audible murmur came from the crowd, such as goes before the clapping of hands in a Roman theatre, a great upheaval of the heart of the audience to the actor who has touched and stirred it.

"Brothers, in a little eastern village a long time ago, there arose among the poor and the lowly a great teacher, and the only prayer He taught His followers was the prayer 'Our Father which art in heaven.' It was the expression of man's utmost need, the expression of man's utmost hope. And not only did the teacher teach that prayer—He lived according to the light of it. All men were His brothers, all women His sisters; He was poor, He had no home, no purse, and no second coat; when He was smitten He did not smite back, and when He was unjustly accused He did not defend Himself."

The long "Ah" again as of sympathy and emotion.

"Nineteen hundred years have passed since then, brothers, and the teacher who arose among the poor and the lowly is now a great prophet. All the world knows and honors Him, and civilized nations have built themselves upon the religion He founded. A great church calls itself by His name, and a mighty kingdom, known as Christendom, owes allegiance to His faith. But what of His teaching? He said: 'Resist not evil,' yet all Christian nations maintain standing armies. He said: 'Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,' yet the wealthiest men are Christian men, and the richest organization in the world is the Christian Church. He said: 'Our Father which art in heaven,' yet men who ought to be brothers are divided into states, and hate each other as enemies. He said: 'Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven,' yet he who believes it ever will come is called a fanatic and a fool. He said: 'Give us day by day our daily bread,' yet Governments tax our bread so as to resist God's gift, and give to the few the soil of the earth which belongs to all!"

Some murmurs of dissent were drowned in cries of "Go on!" "Speak!" "Silence!"

"Is Christ himself at fault, brothers? Has the world found out that He is impossible? Are the laws of life too much for Him? The teacher of the past is lost in the present, and we who look back over the centuries are saying with the broken-hearted woman at the empty tomb of her Master: 'They have taken my Lord away, and I know not where they have laid Him.'"

"Hush!" "Silence!" "Listen!" "Let him speak!" "Go on!"

"Foremost and grandest of the teachings of Christ are two inseparable truths—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. But in Italy, as elsewhere, the people are starved that king may contend with king, and when we appeal to the Pope to protest in the name of the Prince of Peace, he remembers his temporalities and passes on!"

At these words the emotion of the crowd broke into loud shouts of approval, with which some groans were mingled. The company on the balcony were moving in their places.

"No doubt about it," said the American. "This is one of the men with the power of reaching the people."

"Yes, he is able to play the melodramatic part in political affairs," said the Baron.

Roma had turned her face aside from the speaker, and her profile was changed—the gay, sprightly, airy, radiant look had given way to a serious, almost a melancholy expression. Something in David Rossi's voice had opened a cell in her memory which had been long sealed up. She closed her eyes and saw, as in a magic mirror, faces and scenes which she seemed to have known in some other existence. A dark house in a gloomy city—the air outside full of mist and snow—an old man kissing her—herself a child—and somebody else with a voice like this. . . . But a faintness came over her, and when she heard the voice again it was a long way off, in a rumble of other sounds, like the sounds that come through the vanishing fumes of an anæsthetic.

"We have two Sovereigns in Rome, brothers, a great State, a great Church, and a perishing people. We have soldiers enough to kill us, priests enough to tell us how to die, but no one to show us how to live."

"Corruption! Corruption!"

"Corruption indeed, brothers; and who is there among us to whom the corruptions of our rulers are unknown? Who cannot point to the wars made that should not have been made? to the debts paid that should not have been contracted? to the magistrates who act on their own heads, and the police who invent plots to give themselves the credit of revealing them? Who does not know of the Camorra that saves great criminals, and the Mafia that murders honest men? And who in Rome cannot point to the Ministers who allow their mistresses to meddle in public affairs and enrich themselves by the ruin of all around?"

The little Princess on the balcony was twisting about.

"What! Are you deserting us, Roma?"

And Roma answered from within the house, in a voice that sounded strange and muffled:

"It was cold on the balcony, I think."

Then the little Princess laughed a bitter laugh, like the laugh of the creature of the woods that laughs at night, and David Rossi heard it and misunderstood it, and his nostrils quivered like the nostrils of a horse, and when he spoke again his voice shook with passion.

"Who has not seen the splendid equipages of these privileged ones of fortune—their gorgeous liveries of scarlet and gold—emblems of the acid which is eating into the public powers? Has Providence raised this country from the dead only to be dizzied in a whirlpool of scandal, hypocrisy and fraud—only to fall a prey to an infamous traffic without a name between high officials of low desires and women whose reputations are long since lost? It is men and women like these who destroy their country for their own selfish ends. Very well, let them destroy her, but before they do so, let them hear what one of her children says: the government you are building up on the whitened bones of the people shall be overthrown—the King who countenances you and the Pope who will not condemn you will be overthrown, and then—and not till then—shall the nation be free."

At this there was a terrific clamor. The square resounded with confused voices. "Bravo!" "Dog!" "Dog's murderer!" "Traitor!" "Long live David Rossi!" "Down with the Vampire!"

The ladies had fled from the balcony back to the room with cries of alarm. "There will be a riot," "The man is inciting the people to rebellion!" "This house will be first to be attacked!"

"Calm yourselves, ladies. No harm shall come to you," said the Baron, and he rang the bell.

There came from below a babel of shouts and screams.

"Madonna mia! What is that?" cried the Princess, wringing her hands; and the American Ambassador, who had remained on the balcony, said:

"The Carabinieri have charged the crowd and arrested David Rossi."

"Thank God!"

The storm of noises seemed to sweep under the house and down a gorge which deadened it.

"They're going through the Borgo," said Don Camillo, "and kicking and cuffing and jostling and hustling all the way."

"Don't be alarmed! There's the hospital of Santo Spirito round the corner, and stations of the Red Cross Society everywhere," said the Baron, and then Felice answered the bell.

"See our friends out by the street at the back, Felice. Good-by, ladies! Have no fear! The Government does not mean to blunt the weapons it uses against the malefactors who insult the doctrines of the State."

"Excellent Minister!" said the Princess. "Such canaglia are not fit to have their liberty, and I would lock them all up in prison."

And then Don Camillo offered his arm to the little lady with the white plumes, and they came almost face to face with Roma, who was standing by the door hung with curtains, fanning herself with her handkerchief, and parting from the English Ambassador.

"Donna Roma," he was saying, "if I can ever be of use to you, either now or in the future, I beg of you to command me."

Her hand in his was quivering like a captive bird, and he thought as he turned away, "Yes, there is a strange mixture of heaven and earth in her, and God knows which will come out on top."

"Look at her!" whispered the Princess. "How agitated she is! A moment ago she was finding it cold in the Loggia! I'm so happy!"

At the next instant she ran up to Roma and kissed her. "Poor child! How sorry I am! You have my sympathy, my dear! But didn't I tell you the man was a public nuisance, and ought to be put down by the police?"

"Shameful, isn't it?" said Don Camillo. "Calumny is a little wind, but it raises such a terrible tempest."

"Nobody likes to be talked about," said the Princess, "especially in Rome, where it is the end of everything."

"But what matter! Perhaps the young man has learned freedom of speech in a free country!" said Don Camillo.

"And then he is so interesting and so handsome," said the Princess.

Roma made no answer. There was a slight drooping of the lovely eyes and a certain trembling of the lips and nostrils. For a moment she stood absolutely impassive, and then with a flash of disdain she flung round and passed into the inner room.

Meantime, the American Ambassador and his wife were saying their adieux to the Baron.

"In my country, your Excellency, we don't look upon

popular demonstrations as an insult to the doctrines of the State."

"What do you do, dear General?"

"We regard them as you regard the hieroglyphs on your obelisks, as so many writings on the wall, and we set ourselves to decipher them."

The Baron bowed and smiled coldly. Only the Minister of War remained. His sword-carved face looked angular and angry, and he was taking up his hat to go.

"Perhaps the mission of the twentieth century is neither the papacy's nor the monarchy's," he said. "These anarchist outbreaks are like the fumeroles on Vesuvius, through which the steam escapes with a whistle. There are constant rumblings in the earth and nothing will grow on the surface. Why? Because something is going on underneath."

The Baron smiled again and bowed very low.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WASHINGTON LETTER

By WALTER WELLMAN

Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly

CONGRESS, THE PRESIDENT, AND THE CUBAN CONVENTION

ANOTHER crisis in the Cuban problem is believed to be fast approaching. About the time this letter reaches the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY the new Cuban Constitution is expected to arrive in Washington. What shall be done with it—how to meet the peculiar issues and perplexities which its presence in Washington will raise—is a matter which now keeps President McKinley and some of his advisers awake of nights. No such problem has ever confronted this or any other nation. In all history there is no parallel to the situation which now exists. Never before did one great nation attempt to set a smaller nation upon its feet, guide it through a brief period of infancy and preparation, and then leave it to its own resources.

Here is a case in which the United States set out to do more than to intervene and to hold temporarily in trust. They agreed with Spain, when Spain relinquished sovereignty over Cuba, that as long as the United States occupied the island they would be responsible internationally for peace, order and the security of life and property. It is held that the United States have in this and other ways, both specifically and generally, assumed the responsibility of seeing to it that a stable government, able to ensure protection to the rights of the citizens of all nations, be established in the island.

If President McKinley had held over the Cubans the sword of Damocles and said to them they must do thus and so before they could set up their government, and had used in the background the powerful aid of the commercial considerations involved in the demand of the Cubans for lower tariffs in the American market, there is little doubt among Senators who have carefully studied the problem that success would have crowned his efforts. But the first sign of weakening on the President's part was seen last autumn when General Wood visited Washington and secured executive authority for modifying the call for the constitutional convention so that the relations with the United States should be fixed as an addendum of the constitution and not as a part of the organic act itself.

It is now well understood among Senators who may be called upon to deal with this question that the President intends to submit the constitution to Congress even if no scheme of future relations is provided for by the Havana convention. Gossip has it, further, that the Secretary of War is much disgusted with this decision, and if he cannot secure a reversal of it, may sever his connection with the Administration. In the President's behalf it is said by his friends that the situation in Cuba is a most delicate and embarrassing one. There is always the possibility of an outbreak against American authority. Not long ago the Secretary of War himself said:

"The man behind the gun and the machete is still more powerful in Cuba than the man behind the counter and the hoe."

That was a graphic way of stating the important fact that the radicals are in control and that General Gomez and his comrades of the "army of liberation" dominate Cuban politics. The truth is that if the Cubans once get it into their heads that the United States are playing fast-and-loose with them, and scheming to evade redemption of the Teller pledge, an insurrection may quickly follow. Responsibility for this whole situation, through the force of circumstances, now rests upon the President alone. Public opinion in the United States, not always well informed or discriminating, has borne down rather hard upon the President's and Secretary Root's effort to secure what might be called a scientific rather than a sentimental solution of the Cuban problem, and has blamed the President for doing what he was not trying to do—to repudiate the Teller pledge and "break the solemn word of the nation." Naturally the President concludes that if all his efforts to reach a wholesome solution of the vexing problem are to be misconstrued, not only in Cuba but in this country, it is high time that Congress were taking a fair share of the responsibility of a situation which it alone brought about. This accounts for the President's present intention to submit to Congress, with or without stipulations as to future relations between the two countries, the Cuban constitution.

A SPECIAL SESSION ON ACCOUNT OF CUBA?

But what can Congress do with that organic act? Obviously it can do nothing whatever during the few days remaining to this session. If the President does submit the constitution, and if he sincerely wants Congress to act upon it so as to relieve him of responsibility, then he must call an extraordinary session of the new Congress; for in that way, and that way alone, is there any possibility of securing practical results. On this account there is a deepening impression in Washington that, notwithstanding the President's frequently expressed reluctance to do so, events may force him to call a special session to meet in March or April. As an alternative to this there is another view which should receive consideration. It is, that instead of calling Congress together to consider the Cuban question at once, the President will be well content to send the constitution to the national legislature, and, after adjournment without action, have an opportunity to turn to the Cuban radicals and virtually say to them: "You see I

have done the best I could. I have promptly submitted your draft to our Congress as I said I would in my annual message. If delay occurred it was of your own making. You met early in November to draft this constitution, and you have been three and a half months finishing your labors. You cannot expect me to call our Congress together in extraordinary sitting to compensate for your tardiness. The whole matter will have to go over till next winter, and meanwhile our military occupation will continue."

But what can Congress do with the Cuban constitution, whether it takes the matter up this spring or next winter? This is a conundrum which some of the best men at the American capital are debating most anxiously. No such situation was ever before seen. There are no precedents—and that is always vexatious in Congressional problems.

DAYS OF TROUBLE AHEAD FOR THE NATION

Other questions arise in the minds of these statesmen who see ahead of them days of trouble. If the President sends the constitution to Congress is not that tantamount to his approval thereof, and does he not thereby dobar himself from subsequent efforts to secure modification at the hands of the convention which framed it or another one?

If the Congress has not power to amend, ratify, approve or reject, how can it reach the matter of future relations between the two countries? It might formulate something by bill or resolution, but what would come of it? To whom should it be addressed? What would be the procedure?

Even if Congress can find the way to act within its powers—by some such device as passage of a joint resolution empowering, advising or requesting the President to approve, reject or secure modifications of the constitution—there is serious doubt as to the ability of Congress to agree upon a proposition. It is sad but true, that our Parliament, like our people, are in a sort of kindergarten condition as to these vexing questions of our outer relations. Americans have not studied such problems. We are virtually without precedents. If I were to attempt a rough estimate of the predominating sentiment in Congress as to this Cuban dilemma I should say a majority think we made a very bad bargain of it when we promised the Cubans independence, but, having made the bargain, we would best stand squarely by it; and then if the Cubans do not behave themselves, if they fail to establish and carry on a stable government, "intervene" again and once for all. But a minority of leading men point out that this is a most bungling way to go at a practical, a great problem, and that another "intervention" of the United States in Cuba will mean, not an effort to oust a Spain but simple war upon a republic set up under our own tutelage. They say it has been the policy of the United States for three-quarters of a century to acquire Cuba when the times should be ripe, and now that we have Cuba under our wing we should take good care to keep her there, giving the people of the island full control of their internal affairs, but not permitting them to set up in business as a full-fledged member of the family of nations.

A SPEECH FROM THE OTHER WORLD

One of the greatest speeches ever heard in the Senate chamber was delivered a few days since by a man who, two years ago, was supposed to be at death's door—Senator Vest of Missouri. Mr. Vest is an orator, a poet, a wit, a story-teller and a statesman; and though he adopted as the *motif* of his effort a violent attack upon New England and New England's greedy control of legislation and domination of politics in this country, none of the men from New England love him any the less therefor. There is more truth than poetry in Mr. Vest's accusation, for in the real ruling body of the American Government, the Senate, New England is at the top. Not only has she the presiding officer in the person of Mr. Frye, a man of many attainments and very great influence, but in Lodge, Hale, Aldrich, Chandler, Platt of Connecticut, Hoar and Proctor she has a coterie of Senators who practically "run" the body. It is, as Mr. Vest pointed out, the New England policy to send to Washington her ablest men, and to keep them here till they wax strong and dominant. Once a Senator from a New England State always a Senator is the rule which is carried out with few exceptions. Now and then one resigns, as Mr. Edmunds did, to champion anti-imperialism and take imperial fees from rich corporations, and occasionally one is run over by the railroads of his State, as Mr. Chandler was a few weeks ago, but for the most part New England is true to the public men who are true to her, and in ability and influence no other section of the country can compare with her.

NEW ENGLAND AND FREE SHIPS

But it is not quite true that the shipping subsidy measure is a New England bill. It was in its origin, and New England is still powerful in its support, because New England

wishes to stave off free ships in pursuance of her historic policy. New England has always been a shipbuilder, and "free ships" has ever been the one sort of freedom she could not brook. For several years there has been a growing belief here at Washington that free ships is the only cure for the ill of which our merchant marine is suffering. But New England as the bulwark of high protection has sought successfully to enlist other sections of the country in support of subsidies in order to forestall this natural development; and it has now become a sort of high tariff cult to defeat free ships and grant subsidies. "We believe in protection, we have protected everything else, why should we not protect the shipping industry?" is an argument heard every half-hour among the Republican statesmen. Which means simply that, as Senator Vest says, touch one part of the protective combination and all other parts rally to its support. And yet it is believed by many to be true that the day is fast approaching when free ships will come through the law of commercial necessity. Conditions have changed so that it is no longer disputed the United States can build ships as cheaply as any other country. Witness the fact that all American shipyards are crowded with work, most of them having orders three years ahead. Mr. Hill, president of the Great Northern, has testified that when he wanted to build some big ships for his Pacific fleet he found he could get them cheaper in this country than abroad, and the orders were given to an American yard. To contend that American shipbuilders need protection, when ship-construction is now a matter of steel and iron and skilled labor, the very fields in which this country is leading the world, has a strange and unnatural sound in the ears of many Senators.

A BIT OF CLOAKROOM SCANDAL

Mr. Pettigrew of South Dakota, who set out some time ago to defeat the shipping bill and to do all manner of things, has been rather quiet of late; and the story told about him in the cloakrooms of the Senate is that he was elected to his seat in the upper branch through the favor of Mr. Hill and the Great Northern Railway, and that when Mr. Hill was appeased by the adoption of amendments putting more subsidy upon slow freight-ships such as Mr. Hill is building for the Pacific, Mr. Pettigrew's opposition to Mr. Hanna's pet measure became correspondingly less strenuous. But it is not always safe to trust implicitly to the cloakroom gossip of our grave and reverend statesmen.

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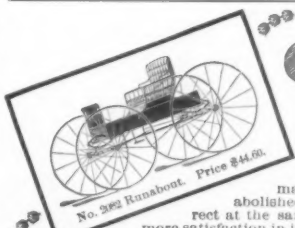
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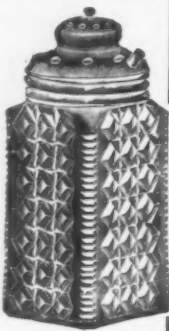
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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

EDITED BY
MARGARET E. SANGSTER

KIN BEYOND SEA

THE HOMELY PROVERB that blood is thicker than water has been illustrated anew in the universal mourning for England's aged Queen. The touching announcement of her death sent by her son and successor to the Lord Mayor of London struck a responsive chord in hearts all over the world. Surrounded by her children and grandchildren, the great Queen passed away, from this scene of wars and fightings to where "beyond these voices there is peace." Her long reign has witnessed many battles, and the "coastwise lights of England" have seen her ships carry her sons to the uttermost ends of the earth, while at home she has been beloved, not as queen only, but as mother of the realm, from her golden girlhood to her white-haired age. The deep bell tolling its sad message from St. Paul's was answered by responsive bells in many lands. Trinity Church bell rang a solemn peal over lower Broadway in New York, and on our tall buildings and churches, and from the shipping in the harbor, the flags floated at half-mast, a tribute to Great Britain's loss and to the unique and noble personality of the woman who had gone.

Queen Victoria was in no sense a masculine woman. She affected no manliness of attire or of bearing. In her domestic life and in her friendships she was loyal, steadfast and abidingly sincere. Always the great lady, she bore herself with peculiar kindness to the women closely in attendance in her household, to her servants and pensioners, and to the cottagers who were her neighbors at Balmoral. In the last days, dying as any other wearied and worn-out woman in a humble home might die, she thought of the comfort of her nurses, asked for her little pet dog, and remembered an old servant. On the wall, opposite her bed, hung a portrait of her beloved husband, and, the dying eyes resting on it during that last illness, may, we like to believe, have opened in heaven's waking to greet its living and welcoming on that other shore.

To a vast throng of peoples, widely separated as the wings of the morning, yet speaking one language, the Queen's subjects and the Queen's loyal-hearted friends alike, her death is a bereavement. Not at once can they adjust their minds to the vision of a king, sitting at the council board, moving through the palace, writing letters of condolence to families in grief, doing with a man's bluntness what a woman did delicately. Yet there is an appropriateness in the close of the Victorian era, while the traditions of the old century are still fresh and undimmed, and the new regime begins, as is well, with the new century.

The obsequies of the Queen were attended by a great many royal and distinguished personages, and they formed a pageant of picturesque splendor. One chief mourner, the Empress Frederick of Germany, less fortunate than her mother, in the long-drawn agony of her mortal illness, could not be there. Around the hearth our sympathies have gone to her, as they do to any untitled and obscure daughter, equally suffering and equally sorrowful.

IN PACE

ACROSS the palace threshold, the gentle angel came, Whom in this land we ward away, and Death's stern angel name. But in the other land, apart from mortal pangs and strife, The souls know better and they call that tender angel, Life.

WILHELMINA OF THE NETHERLANDS

IN SHARP contrast to the house of mourning is always the house of feasting. The world cheers the bride, as it weeps the dead. On the same day there may be the funeral procession in one place and the flower-strewn path of the wedding guests in another. As the oldest queen in Europe is laid away in her last sleep, the youngest, elate, buoyant, brave, steps forward to meet her bridegroom. We have spoken of Wilhelmina as the little queen. The petting diminutive has so grown into a habit that we have needed a reminder that the gracious young woman is by no means tiny, and that she resents the adjective as a misfit. In truth she is of somewhat stately aspect, beautiful, wilful, high-spirited and in perfect health. Wilhelmina has been carefully and judiciously trained for her position as sovereign of Holland, an uncommonly sensible and far-seeing mother having con-

ducted her education with a view to her future greatness and many responsibilities. William the Third of Holland married as his second wife the Princess Emma of Waldeck, about twenty-two years ago, and the reigning Queen of Holland is their only child. Wilhelmina was left fatherless almost in her babyhood, so that her childish years were wholly in the charge of the shrewd, capable and clever Queen Regent. The little queen-to-be was brought up in an atmosphere of devotion to her country. She is first of all a loyal Hollander. She knows Dutch history, has Dutch convictions, and is the idol of the Dutch people. The Dutch housewife is practical, efficient and thrifty, and Wilhelmina has been taught the alphabet of these desirable virtues. She is very winsome in her blooming girlhood, athletic, vigorous, and fond of outdoor sport. Also she possesses in a large degree the saving grace of humor.

Her approaching marriage is happily a love-match, though reasons of state, as usual in royal nuptials, have not been overlooked in the arrangement. The Queen's wedding gown has been richly embroidered by youthful needlewomen of her realm, and in every stitch there has been love and pride, and fondest good wishes will follow in her new life the Queen of the Netherlands.

THE DIVIDING LINE

SPECULATIONS as to the life which follows this one, and which is to this in its brevity as the mighty ocean to a cup of cold water, are always alluring to the imagination. Few of us have ever seen a ghost, or heard the rustle of ghostly draperies, or felt the chill wind which is said to precede a ghost's appearance on this earthly sphere. A lack of originality pervades the performances of ghostly visitants, and a mournful similarity is observable in their admirations. Ghosts, young and old, ghosts celebrated and obscure, are alike shivery, thin, faintly emphatic, dimly attenuated and very uncertain folk. They clank spurs, or they tap on walls and doors, or they peep and mutter and click small bootheels on polished floors, but they never do the least thing which is novel; they never put their friends at ease, they are invariably most uncomfortable guests. The only useful ghost in literature is that of a mother in a fairy-tale. She used to steal out of her grave at midnight, and, visiting her children's nursery, she washed their faces and combed their hair and mended their clothes, and did her best to make up to them for the neglects and cruelties of their wicked stepmother. Only a womanly ghost would have hit upon anything so obviously necessary and so calculated to defeat the machinations of an unscrupulous second wife—never, be it noticed, a popular character in fairy lore.

Though few of us have, in our own persons, hobbled with ghosts, most of us, on the other hand, can tell in confidential moments of strange happenings which are not to be explained except by subtle psychological laws. There are those of us who have occasional warnings in the shape of dreams—dreams which we recognize because they always precede change or calamity. Some of us remember impressions on the mind so strong as to have produced the effect of a tangible clutch on the arm or an audible call on the ear. Telepathy, with its fascinating possibilities, accounts for some of the experiences which we relate before the fire on winter nights when the lights are turned low and we sit close together and speak of spiritual presences with bated breath. A man is dying on shipboard in mid-Atlantic, and his friend, lingering late over his pipe and his book in a cozy New York apartment, sees him suddenly enter the door. "Good-by, John," says the friend, and vanishes. A little child sent away from home for safety because of an infectious illness in the house is going peacefully to sleep in his crib. His little brother, for whom the angels have come that hour, looks over the bed and smiles. "Jimmy was here just now. He laughed and ran away," declares the baby.

The traveller in an Eastern desert is aware, as in a picture, of affairs that are in progress in his distant English home. A gentleman, leaving his house on a journey which he has planned to take, is impelled, against his reason, by a relentless and imperious mental urgency, which seems to come from a force exterior to himself, to turn back and go home. He obeys, and finds the house in flames, but arrives in time to save his library and console his family. There is no end to the personal testimony which may be collected with reference to telepathy, from strange and occult

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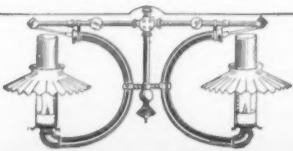
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manifestations to the every-day occurrence of the crossing of letters. If you have a friend from whom and of whom you have heard nothing for a long period, and if your thoughts turn persistently in her direction, write to her. In nine cases out of ten your letter will pass, on its way to her, one from her to you, similarly inspired.

A book lately published from the pen of Lucas Mallet, "The Gateless Barrier," is the prettiest and daintiest modern ghost story which we recollect. The ghost is that of a lovely girl who died a century ago. She haunts a beautiful old drawing-room on which, from the outside, an electric light is turned every night. The ghost dresses in perfect taste, wears an exquisite gown of pale rose color and a little embroidered cape, and her hair is most charmingly arranged in puffs and coils and distracting little ringlets. Only on the theory of reincarnation can we account for the fact that a modern young Englishman, a man well-groomed and thoroughly up-to-date, falls deeply in love with this ghost of a lady who died of a broken heart, after his great-uncle, to whom she was engaged, had been killed at Trafalgar. The love is, however, very genuine, and almost coaxes the airy vision back into garments of flesh and blood.

Here comes in another captivating problem. Do we not, all of us, in a way, live our lives over again, in different forms and ages? How else shall we explain those shadowy reminiscences in the back of our minds and whence comes the sense of having seen it all before, which sometimes strikes keenly across us in a situation absolutely new? And that six-year-old lassie, who looks and speaks and acts like her great-great-grandmother, that bumptious boy whose very mischief is a reversion to some half-forgotten type, how shall we account for them?

Seriously, and laying pleasantry aside, the dividing line between the seen and the unseen is a barrier like the equator, an imaginary circle drawn on the map of our lives. Any hour we may step across it, any hour it may slip down and show us what is now hidden from our view. We do not need to commit ourselves to the clumsiness and the crudities of so-called spiritualism, though we may like to explore the labyrinthine avenues of psychology.

Nor need we subscribe to anything which taxes credulity, or belongs to the region of the puerile and the absurd, if we but remind ourselves that we are transporting through space, wherever we go, that shadowy bundle of queer possibilities, our own ghost. Superstition is so enchanting that it takes a mind of abnormal strength to ignore it altogether. That our young men should see visions and our old men should dream dreams is in the order of nature and of historic progress, and will continue, in beckoning and in retrospection, as long as the race endures.

CORNERS IN THE LIVING-ROOM

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TO CONTRIBUTORS

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THE FUNERAL OF THE LAST FRANCO-PRUSSIAN FIELD-MARSHAL.—Field-Marshal von Blumenthal, as a comrade-in-arms of the grandfather of the Kaiser, and as the last of the great "feld-mareschals" of the Franco-Prussian war, was recently accorded a magnificent military funeral. He was the oldest field-marshal in the German army, having been born in 1810, and had seen more active and important service than any officer in the imperial service, except Von Moltke himself. His entire life was spent in military service. In the Schleswig-Holstein campaign he distinguished himself, especially at the battles of Colding and Frederica, and was promoted as Chief of the General Staff of the army of invasion. Promotions followed rapidly, and in 1859 he was made the personal adjutant of Prince Frederick Charles. He again had occasion to distinguish himself in the war against Denmark in 1863-64, when he was promoted to be Major-General. In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 he filled the highly important post of Chief of the General Staff of the Crown Prince. When the latter received the Order of the Iron Cross, he declared that Von Blumenthal should also have the order conferred on him. For years he had been in retirement, although recognized as one of the ablest strategists the German army has ever produced. At his funeral in Berlin, which was made an imperial military pageant, the Kaiser and the German Princes followed the sarcophagus and gave to the body of the famous soldier its last salute. The larger picture represents the cortege leaving the Garrison Kirche—church of the garrison. In the cortege are the Emperor, the Princes, and dignitaries of the Empire. Flowers and streamers covered the coffin, and the Russian Eagle was conspicuous among the banners. The smaller (inclosed) picture shows the Kaiser and Princes saluting their distinguished comrade and master in the art of war.

NOTES FROM ABROAD

By JULIAN RALPH

Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly in London

PRICKING THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE BUBBLE

INSPIRED ARTICLES in the Russian newspapers call the attention of Europe to the state of unrest in France and hint so brutally frankly at a possible termination of the Franco-Russian alliance that we may almost be justified in declaring that grotesque and always impossible partnership at an end. Russia can be no country's ally, for her policy keeps her hand against all others and her aim is solely selfish gain, by underhand means preferably, otherwise by violence. France is too unstable, too likely to resort to war, as she has always done when her unquiet people need distraction. The make-believe Franco-Russian alliance was solely to enable Russia to borrow much-needed money. She might have adhered to the compact had the French been willing to make another loan, but within six months the Russians have been there begging again and have been turned away empty-handed. Hence the present inclination of the Russians to let us all know that they have no further use for France. Here is a case where we Americans may look on and laugh, for neither country is a friend of ours. Let me say again—and let me repeat it until every American understands it—Russia did her utmost two years ago to form a European combination against us in our quarrel with Spain. She was

willing to go as far as to attempt to crush us. If our government does not know this it can only be because our Ministers have failed to apprise them of the facts. I know it and have been assured of it by diplomats of my own and friendly nations. As for France, her people hate us and proved it by practically holding a fête when they thought Cervera had sunk one of our fleets. Moreover, they prove their dislike for us to every American who travels in their country.

AN INDISCRETION OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

The address to the Pope by the Duke of Norfolk while in command of the English Roman Catholic pilgrimage to Rome recently has astonished both Protestants and Catholics and given a great deal of concern to the British Government. It must be remembered that he is Premier Duke and Earl at the head of the nobility; he is Earl Marshal of England, who plays a foremost part at the coronations of her monarchs; he is Chief Butler of the realm, and he is the Howard of the Howards, dating his family titles from a period nine years before America was discovered. A year ago he was Postmaster-General under the last Salisbury Government, and then, and always before that time, was known as a shrewd, level-headed, earnest man, ambitious to be of service even of the most arduous nature. The fact that he is a Roman Catholic is not suggestive of the immense strides Catholicism is making in England, for the Howards have always been of that faith; yet the growth of the number of devotees of that Church has been such that it is possible that the Duke stands to-day at the head of hundreds, perhaps a thousand times, as many Roman Catholics as his father represented. He has been a widower for fourteen years and his only son is an incurable invalid of twenty-two, a sufferer from an impaired brain. Soon after the outbreak of the Boer War the Duke enlisted and went to the

front, where he ran many narrow risks of being killed because he was so very like a typical Boer. He is a short, stocky man and wears a full Boer-like beard. With this and his slouch hat he was mistaken several times by his fellow-Britons for Boer and came within an ace of being shot by them consequently. There has been much to-do over his speech to the Pope, but after all he spoke as any zealous Catholic might have done, forgetting the existence of the feverish politics which hang about what was in his mind purely a matter of his faith.

M. PREVOST AND THE ART OF KISSING

Marcel Prevost, who wrote "The Half-Virgins" ("Les Demi-Vierges") has been very quiet of late; in fact, I have not heard of him since he filled a modest but ornamental place (for he is a handsome young man) in the ranks of the Dreyfusards at Rennes eighteen months ago. But now he emerges into public vision with an article on Kissing in the "Figaro." He seems to feel himself challenged by the statement of somebody or other to the effect that Kissing will die out as a result of the higher education of women. He falls upon this prophet with such weight as he thinks there is in the experience of Lieutenant Hobson and the apocryphal case of an Australian soldier who, on returning from the South African war, was kissed by three hundred women, and who, fainting with delight, was carried to a drug store murmuring, "Oh! this is too good." These instances prove, in Prevost's mind, that the kiss is going to grow in value until at last it will only be conferred upon those who take cities, capture fleets, rescue lives or succeed in finding the poles of the earth. In his polished French the article is good reading, but in its facts it seems to the non-Latin mind the purest nonsense. Every year I notice the decline of kissing in the circles of the intelligent, though I am bound to confess that it

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AMERICAN MUTOSCOPE AND BIOGRAPH COMPANY



LI HUNG CHANG IN PEKIN.—The very fortuitous and interesting snap-shot photograph which *Collier's Weekly* is enabled to present herewith in reproduction, shows that venerable and astute Chinese viceroy, statesman and diplomat, Li Hung Chang, in the act of receiving at his temporary official residence in Pekin a young American newspaper correspondent. The Bismarck of China, though suave, genial and talkative, and conversant with English, French and German, in addition to his native tongue and the Chinese, is a baffling proposition for the interviewer. He is possessed of an inexhaustible fund of interrogation, and when himself cornered with a query he generally responds with something he has contrived to pump out of the person who came to procure news. He is an illustrious exponent of the Tao or "Way" of Lao Tzu, followers in whose elusive philosophic labyrinth are supposed to "know things they speak not, and speak when they know naught." Li Hung Chang, or "Earl Li," as he is sometimes quaintly dubbed, is an octogenarian, and recently has been failing in health. He has travelled all over the civilized world, and known personally the greatest men of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Most of these he has survived, to "plant trees on their graves." He has also lived to see the representatives of the various world-powers looking over China, with appraisement in their eyes, and partition schemes in their more or less secret hearts. Ever since last August, when the Chinese Imperial Government, through Li Hung Chang, applied for the appointment of commissioners to open peace negotiations, Li has been busy handing out apologies and promises, chatting affably with all comers, and saying nothing—just as he is shown in these pictures

loses none of its popularity with those who frequent the benches of the parks and practice a variety of osculation which quite pales Miss Netherole's best efforts and seems to call for "seconds" and "bottle-holders" to stand ready to cry out "break away" and then fan the contestants as they return to their corners.

A NOTE OF WARNING ONCE SOUNDED BY LI HUNG CHANG

From London to St. Petersburg the people kiss a great deal, but almost solely upon the cheeks—mouth salutations being regarded as in bad form and full of danger of infection by disease to those who practice them. Old men kiss each other, fathers kiss grown-up sons, mothers kiss all round, and maidens kiss their parents, aunts, female cousins and sisters—always first on one cheek and (where affection is meant to be strongly marked) then on the other. In nearly all the lands of Asia, where the races are still older and more experienced in the ways of human relationship, kissing is an act so narrowly confined that you may travel there for years and never see a kiss bestowed. Husbands and wives kiss in private and mothers kiss infants in private and public. There the custom ends. Beyond that the kiss is considered the most reprehensible and improper of indulgences. As I have said in what I have written of China, no one can estimate the amount that the habit of our missionaries of kissing their wives in public has contributed to the prejudice against that fraternity in the Chinese mind. I notice in England a strong tendency toward the return of the formal and respectful custom of saluting the hand of any lady who is neither a relative, wife or sweetheart of the man who ventures beyond the handshake of slight acquaintanceship. And I believe that as time goes on it will teach us what the Asiatics have learned, that there

is danger in the contact of mouth with mouth. It is very likely that the sages have preached the indecency of this form of kissing solely because that is the most effectual way to break it up. Nearly all the Moslem laws have sanitary or moral backing, and the worship of the cow in India is merely the reflection of the once-upon-a-time when that animal was the only beast of burden and of draught that those people had and when it would have been their ruin to use the animal for food.

"COLONEL SELLERS" REDIVIVUS

It is to be expected that the epidemic of twenty-nine-year-old copies of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is at last over. For nearly two years we have been asked each morning to consider ourselves behind the times and out of the swim if we stopped to take breakfast before sending in an order for the *Encyclopedia* at ninety dollars a set, payable in twelve-cent instalments. I bought my own well-nigh worthless set (the same that has been on sale here) more than ten years ago in New York for thirty-two dollars and got with it the American Annex of five volumes, which were worth all the original twenty-five English volumes many times over. This epidemic was introduced by an American who offered five dollars to the "Times" for each set he was able to sell by advertising copiously in the newspaper for double the usual rates. He made about seventy-five thousand dollars for the "Times," which was probably the bulk of that newspaper's profits last year. Then he took the project over to other newspapers, one of which has cleared about ninety thousand dollars. What the owners of the *Encyclopedia* got one does not hear, but the American promoter of the scheme has cleared hundreds of thousands—far beyond a quarter of a million dollars. Next year the new edition of the great work will be issued, and in twenty-five years there will be another chance

to work off the book on a guileless public and retire to a baronial country-seat on the proceeds.

WHAT MR. RALPH THINKS OF WHAT MR. LYNCH THINKS

I am sorry to have seemed to deserve the reflections which your distinguished contributor, Arthur Lynch, published in your columns in a recent issue. I never lose a wink of sleep over the cavilling of those who have neither the "savvy" nor the right to pass judgment on me, but when it proceeds from men who "do and dare," and sweat and freeze, and hunger and thirst, and take big risks, then I outspan and examine myself, like a fellow who wonders if he has been hit when under fire and who hopes, if he has, that it was not in a vital spot. Give Mr. Lynch the countersign of our guild and say, with my compliments, that I plead guilty to a sub-cellar opinion of the Boer as a man, but I earned my opinion on his native heath, and from his lips and actions, and I have a right to it. That does not militate against the value of his opinion of either Boer or Briton. As for my love of dukes and lords and such, that is the easiest, handiest stigma to fling at an American who lives abroad, but when it is aimed at me I am reminded of what my uncle, a veteran whaling seaman, said when I showed him a new .22 calibre pistol I had bought. "If you shoot me with that, and I find it out," said he, "I'll box your ears." Lords and the like were thick in the British army and I had to mention and deal with several, but the lords, like us Americans, can take care of themselves. What I am saying is this: I accept the rule that there are two points of view and two environments—just as there are two sides—in a war. And I am willing to listen with respect to the well-grounded opinions of able fellows on the other side, always hoping to meet them some day and forgo with them and find some of them on my side in the next scrap.

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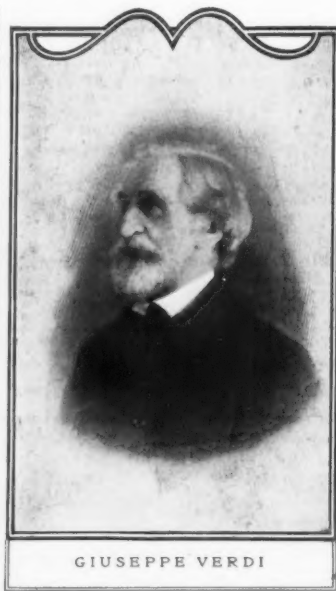


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GIUSEPPE VERDI

THE NEWS has come from Milan of the death of Giuseppe Verdi on the morning of January 27.

There are divergent statements as to the date of his birth, which would appear to have taken place about the end of 1813 or the beginning of 1814. His parentage was humble enough, for Verdi's sire was the owner of a rough *albergo* in the Apennines. Rancola is the name of the little village, in the former Duchy of Parma, where this illustrious son of an obscure innkeeper saw the light.

Young Giuseppe's talent for music declared itself quite early in his life, but not until the age of twenty was he sent to Milan for competent instruction, which he there first obtained from an organist. At twenty-five he published an opera. It was entitled "Oberto di San Bonifazio," and has long ago gone into the waste-paper basket of Time. The same fate has befallen a great number of Verdi's earlier works, both secular and solemn. But his celebrated Requiem Mass is likely to stand wear, and at least eight of his operas hold the boards in the lands where people are most pleased by the "pleasing of a lute."

The best of his rivals never understood as he did the dramatic value and power of music. Verdi made the instruments narrators and commentators, made them actually take part in the play and help to act it. The highest expression of his art be reached in his last two productions, "Otello" and "Falstaff." In "Aida" new tendencies were to be observed, but these two other splendid masterpieces show a decided departure from the old Italian standards, and might be said to be a blending of Verdi and Wagner.

VALENTINE SONG

O a song for the winter wailing,
When the birds begin to pair,
And their soft complaining
Wafts up on the southern air;
When the crows grow less cory,
With the chill east's whelp-like whine!
O a rouse for his saintship cheery,
Good old Saint Valentine!
O a song for the pulse that's beating
Under the iron earth;
For the speedy meeting
Of melody and mirth;
For the rout of that cruel Tartar,
Winter, of mood malign!
O a rouse for the merry martyr,
Good old Saint Valentine!
O a song for all fond lovers
Dreaming the olden dream;
For the gleam that hovers,
The radiant rainbow-beam;
For the love that is no fable,
The love that is thine and mine!
O a rouse for sweetheart Mabel,
And for good Saint Valentine!
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WHAT IS GOING ON IN PEKIN

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 7)

the hardy little island empire which fifty years ago we were wont to call uncivilized. There remains between Russia and Japan the rub of Korea. The Japanese feel that they have been cheated out of their legacy. If there is no war between them in the immediate future the Boxers may well claim the honor of having indirectly played the peacemaker. How the work of the Japanese army has opened the eyes of the Russians was well illustrated by a remark that a Russian officer made to me.

"You need not think," he said, "after what we have seen of the Japanese that we shall attempt to fight them man to man. Because of our differences we are not blinded to the ability of the Japanese organization, or the wonderful endurance, courage and intelligence of their soldiers. I hope that we shall not go to war with them. It would be too bloody, too terrible."

WHAT WILL THE SPRING BRING FORTH?

If war between Russia and Japan does come it will be out of a blue sky. The Japanese does not bark before he bites. He will be as ready to spring when the word comes as a hound in leash. Every ship as well as every soldier has its place assigned in the programme that is laid out. Russia, knowing this, may very well think that Korea will not spoil if it waits. But this is getting away from the Chinese question.

Will the court return to Pekin in the spring? Will the Boxers and the radical element which besieged the Legations and caused all the trouble permit the court to return? The Empress and her followers ran away from Pekin because they feared death at the hands of the allies. If she and the Emperor had remained, the solution of the problem would have been easy. The Emperor would have been placed upon the throne in that moment of common victory, and good feeling among the Powers and the integrity of China would have been established with foreign troops aiding the Chinese troops to quiet the riotous element, and by this time the indemnity which China is to pay would have been named. But the Empress is still ruler of China. The various viceroys are as regularly sending their tributes to her as they were a year ago. The capital has merely been changed. The foreigners occupy a few towns near the northern boundary of an empire which covers as wide a range of climate as that between Alaska and Mexico. In short, the imperial family is in very much the same position as the soldier who ran from fear and found to his own great surprise that he had mistaken the front for the rear, and instead of being a coward he was a hero who had led a charge. We know the tenor of the messages which the court is sending to the Powers, as reported by Ching and Li Hung Chang. But we do not know what the viceroys are saying to the court or what the court is saying to the viceroys.

WILL "THE BALL OPEN" IN THE SOUTH?

It is not the foreigners alone but the viceroys as well who have been awakened by last summer's events to the formidability of the Chinese when well armed and well trained as compared with the riotous, undrilled Boxer or the old-time Chinese soldier who carried umbrellas and threw stinkpots. The armies in the central and southern provinces have been busy all winter preparing for the resistance of any punitive expedition. When General Chaffee said that he could march from end to end of China with a troop of cavalry he certainly did not refer to the central and southern provinces, which at the least reckoning could put twenty-five thousand well-trained troops into the field. These were not sent north at all last summer because the viceroys whose orders they obey did not then consider the troubles in the northern provinces any affair of theirs. If the court should refuse to go to Pekin and an expedition should be sent after it, it has only to take to its mulecarts again and proceed southward. It would have little trouble to move as fast as an army; it needs no protection except flight and the insufficiency of German transport. Then the pursuit of the Empress might become as fatuous and enduring as that of Aguinaldo. This probability is, again, entirely dependent upon the state of the Boxer movement in the spring. There is no doubt but the court wants to return and will return to Pekin if the radical element will permit it. It can now return to Pekin without nine-tenths of the Chinese people ever knowing that it has been humiliated in any sense. Still another way of "saving face" is to announce that it has evacuated Pekin for good and all and made Singan-fu a permanent capital.

The sending of a Chinese prince to Berlin to prostrate himself before Emperor William in atonement for the murder of Baron von Ketteler is an incident of the daily news which will never be read by the masses of Pekin itself, let alone the rest of the empire. The striking thing in the correspondence between the Ministers and the Peace Commissioners is that the clause relating to the razing of the forts at Taku is the one most objectionable to the court. Chang-Chih-Tung, the greatest of the viceroys after Li Hung Chang, is responsible for this. He has been known as one of the most friendly and advanced of mandarins. Always simply protecting every foreigner within his jurisdiction, he has ever favored reforms pointing to the gradual adoption of Western methods. Last summer his iron hand was vigilantly on the side of peace.

He is willing that China should pay an indemnity and that she should execute the ringleaders of the Boxer movement. But he is not willing that she should agree to any measures which in the future would compromise her power for common defence.

There is every evidence of a growing patriotic sentiment for unity among the ruling classes and the masses as an outcome of the Boxer agitation. While the Boxers cannot attain to such proportions next spring as to meet foreign troops in open conflict, they can make enough trouble to keep Von Waldersee and his twenty thousand nominally busy. The Germans sold the arms and ammunition which the Chinese used against the foreigners last summer. Their aggression in Shantung was one of the prime causes of the outbreak. They are bound always to be in evidence. And now they have the British on their side.

If the court does return who will be the ruler—the Emperor or the Empress? Will China really have a reform administration or will she settle back into the old way? If

So the Chinese court, when the settlement is made and the nominal rulers of China are once more established in their own palaces, is likely to be much the same as it was before the Boxer outbreak. Then will follow the old policy of drift. The Powers who want territory will be satisfied temporarily. Even Germany does not want to go too fast. Hong Kong and Shanghai and the Yangtze Valley will remain as open to German as they are to English or American merchants. She will continue the work which she has begun in Kiao-chau, pushing her way into the interior of Shantung, making her domination absolute, and gaining new concessions as the result of her prestige and her aggressiveness. Every merchant in Tsingtau, the port of Kiao-chau is a German; in fact every man I met in Tsingtau was German. Facing a landlocked harbor near the site of a squalid Chinese fishing village, upon ground that was bare of improvements five years ago, with the government assisting in everything in its ever-officious manner, the Germans are building a fine colonial settlement. English residents of other ports say that Kiao-chau is not yet getting any trade; but it must and will get trade when the railway is finished.

The port of Tsingtau is to be "open" nominally. But the American or the British merchant who consigns goods there will find that as a foreigner he has to pay heavy port taxes and much higher freight charges to the German Government railway than a German citizen.

MR. CONGER'S VIEWS ON THE QUESTION

The State Department officials in Washington have been curious to know if Mr. Conger's judgment has not been influenced by his sufferings during the siege. From my talks with Mr. Conger and what I saw of him while in Pekin, he seemed to be as clear and hard-headed a type of Iowa politician as ever. However, he is bound to be affected by his surroundings. He is subject to the professional limitations of the circle within which he lives. Naturally he wants the influence of his country to be powerful at Pekin, and he cannot help seeing that the German methods are those which gain political advantages. His opinion is that of every foreign resident. All believe that the Chinese have respect only for the iron hand. Since the withdrawal of a portion of our troops, the other Ministers in Pekin have not regarded America's voice with much consideration. American residents are invariably bitter against the Administration. They say that they might as well belong to a second-rate nation in so far as the United States Government is protecting their interests. In a letter which I have just received I find language like this:

"Whichever way you look you see a German uniform. The American is rarer than the Italian. Yet no region in China for its population consumes anything like the amount of American exports that the valley of the Pei-ho does. And what are we doing at this critical time? Withdrawing our troops! Giving up all of our prestige! And now we hear that General Chaffee and the cavalry and artillery, which did remain in Pekin for the winter, are going to the Philippines in the spring. Why not withdraw our Legation and put our affairs in the hands of the Spanish Minister?"

It is a peculiarity of the American, as well as of the other foreigners resident in China, that they are now as rank pessimists as they were optimists before the outbreak. A year ago they laughed at the thought of the Boxers making any trouble. Ten days before the Legations were besieged Minister Conger telegraphed to our consul at Tien-tsin that a hundred marines were quite sufficient for all purposes in Pekin and none were necessary in Tien-tsin. Now the foreign residents no longer say that one white man can whip the whole Chinese army with a stick, and they see a Boxer in embryo in every Chinese face. They make dire predictions of what will happen in the spring. They are a unit in holding that unless the lesson to the Chinese is brought home rigorously it will do no good.

LI ANXIOUS TO CUT OFF HEADS

They point to the fact that the measures of successful Chinese rulers themselves are harsh. There is no strain of gentleness in Li Hung Chang, who has been the most successful viceroy in keeping order. When I spoke with him last July in Shanghai, while the fate of the Legations was yet unknown, he said that with five thousand men he could crush the Boxer outbreak even with the headway that it then had. He shrugged his shoulders over the weakness of the central government, and his eyes blazed when he declared how different things would be if he had been in Pekin. A few timely decapitations, he suggested, would have scotched the serpent in the egg. When he returned to the government of the province of Chi-li last September he issued an edict which was characteristic. He called the people of Chi-li his beloved good comrades and children. As for those bad men the Boxers, he would cut off all their heads and also the heads of any of his good comrades and children who were found in the company of Boxers.

"You know me, my children," he added, "and you know that I will do what I say."

If such methods must be followed to secure order in China, then it is better that a Chinese should carry them out than that we should have any part in them. There is no question that Li, as old and feeble as he is, if given full authority, could restore order from end to end in China, unless the Germans killed the Chinese soldiers who were set to do the work. If the Powers wait too long, if they insist too much, and drive such viceroys as Chang-Chih-Tung to desperation, they may have on their own hands the weary business of a united and riotous China turned against the foreigner. What then?



FEBRUARY 12—LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

PRESIDENT LINCOLN RECEIVING THE CONGRATULATIONS OF CHILDREN IN THE WHITE HOUSE ON THE OCCASION OF HIS BIRTHDAY, DURING THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS ADMINISTRATION

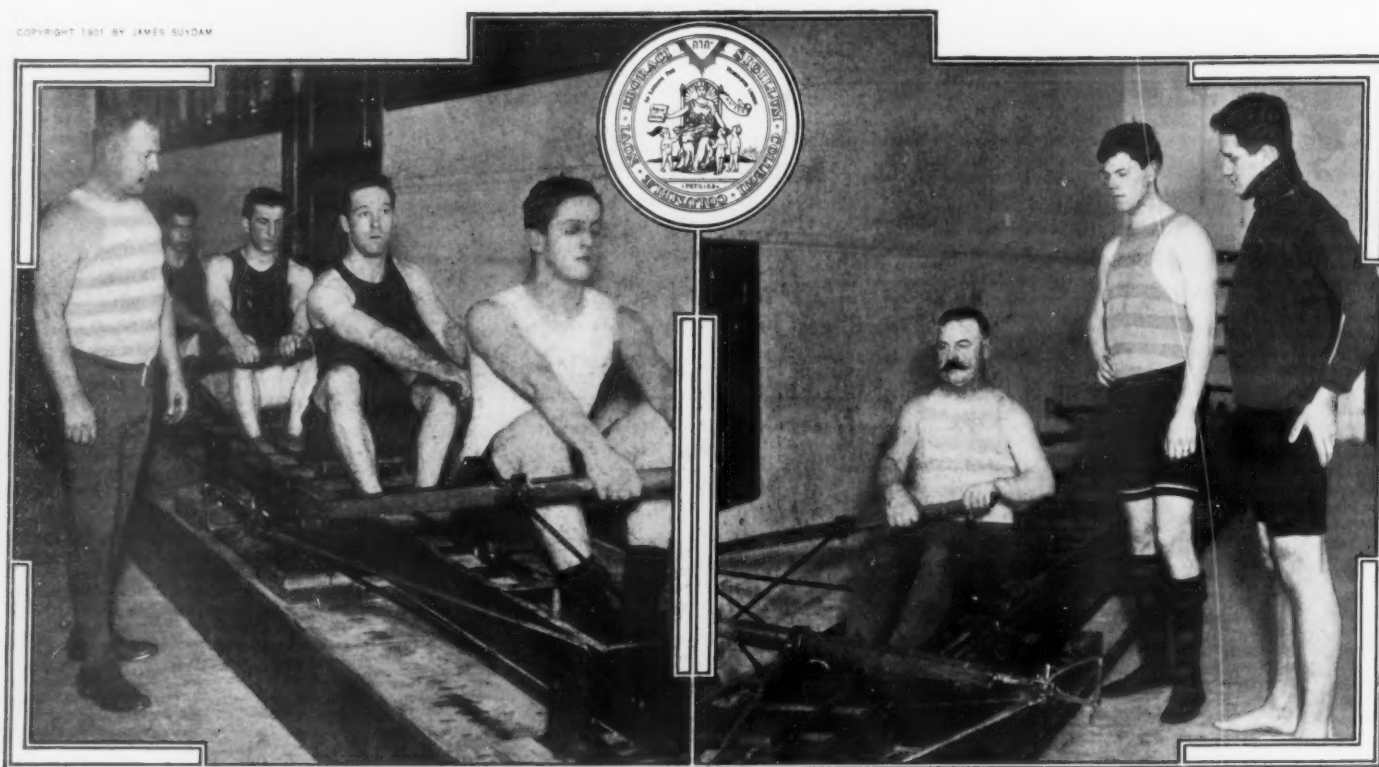
the health and the mind of the Emperor were what they were when he issued his reform edict, we might hope for the culmination which every Anglo-Saxon and every broad-minded citizen in the world must desire—an integral China, whose ports shall be open to trade without favor to any Power. Given this, in twenty-five years half the sum which China pays for foreign products will go to the United States.

THE EMPEROR AND THE EMPRESS

"I expected from what I had heard," said an attaché who saw the Emperor three years ago, "to see a pasty-faced youth whose energy had been sapped by fast living. On the contrary, he was a healthy, clean-skinned Chinese of the upper class who showed unusual keenness and intelligence. I saw him again only a few months before the Boxer outbreak. He had aged by ten years. What agonies or what punishments he had suffered at the hands of the Empress the outside world will never know."

The Empress has stated that she will not return to Pekin or permit the Emperor to return under any arrangement which relegates her to the background and makes the Emperor actual ruler. As long as she is supreme there is no hope of reform.

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EDWARD HANLAN, THE COLUMBIAN COACH, INSTRUCTING THE CANDIDATES FOR THE 1901 CREW

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

Edited by WALTER CAMP

THE ROWING that an English 'varsity' crew is coming over to try conclusions with American collegians is always a refreshing evidence that winter is nearly ended. Probably no spring season has ever come since the Americans took up eight-oared shell rowing without some reports that an international race would be arranged. Yet how few of those races we have ever seen! To buoy up our hopes this time, however, we have the fact that the Englishman would like to see the Exposition at Buffalo, that his track teams may come, and, finally, that his own country promises to be dull this season. Let us hope these considerations will bring him.

The rowing situation at the universities this year promises to be of the most interesting character. If all goes well, the representation at Poughkeepsie promises to include Pennsylvania, the winner of the last two seasons; Wisconsin, who made such a close second; Cornell, Columbia and Georgetown. There has been some talk about Wisconsin not continuing further to row on the Hudson unless given a place on the Board of Governors of the race, but in this respect the original members seem inclined to continue to treat Wisconsin and Georgetown as invited guests merely, without power in the management of the regatta. At New London the annual Yale-Harvard race will be fought out as usual.

But the especial interest in both of these races is that the

development of the art of rowing has been taking on new directors for the last two years, and every one of these crews is coached by some supposed past-master in the work. Public opinion, and especially the opinion of those who have set themselves up as rowing experts, has changed very materially in the last three years. When Pennsylvania came up to the Hudson, and was for two years swamped because the race was rowed in rough water—water unfitted for any shell—they were told by rowing experts that their system under Coach Ellis Ward was all wrong, that their stroke was a professional stroke, and that they ought to do the way the other university crews had done—return to the good old English principles. Since that time Pennsylvania has been at "the head of the River," and her stroke, such as Ward teaches, has been uniformly successful. Wisconsin crews under Coach O'Dea and his pupil, McConville, have been, with what was called in derision their "yarra yarra" stroke, the only crew to push Pennsylvania, and they have pushed them well in spite of the fact that they had to journey a long distance and pass through hardships which were by no means fitted to improve their physical condition.

Cornell has slipped steadily back, although her form and the beauty of finish displayed by her crews under Coach Courtney has been as satisfying as ever.

Finally, Columbia has gone through all sorts of experiences, lately of an unfortunate kind, and has not in many years reasserted her claim to boating rank. Last year, after considerable experimentation, toward the end of the season they engaged Edward Hanlan, that most noted single-sculler, as a coach, and he has them in charge this season.

It is impossible to go very far into Georgetown's rowing history, because, with Coach Zappone, they are only just beginning to come into the rowing world. And a fairer measure can be gained this year than from the race of last season.

Harvard will, report has it, have no longer E. C. Storow as

head coach, Mr. Storow having decided that he has not the time to give to the matter. It is promised now that a committee will be in charge. The newspapers speak, however, of Vail, professional trainer of one of the boat clubs at Cambridge, as being the head coach. Whether Vail, Donovan or any one else has the instructing of the men, it is quite certain that the committee of graduates will superintend matters.

At New Haven, Allen, the captain of last year's crew, promises to return as a head coach, and, as the style of rowing which his crew practiced and stuck to was successful at New London, it is likely that the same methods will be followed out under his jurisdiction this year.

Now, as to the particular points in rowing which will be brought out by these various teachers, and which promise to give boating such a stimulus in this country for a number of years, they are as follows:

Ellis Ward, the coach of the Pennsylvania crew, depends probably more upon leg drive than any of the others. His crews have a long reach, although they do not take the water at full reach. In fact, his crews show no marked catch, but row the oar into the water. They have a long slide, however, and get the blades in pretty nearly at right angles. As soon as the blade is buried the power is put on, the long slide carried through, and they finish the stroke rather strongly. An attempt has been made by Ward in the last year, and with comparative success, to get the hands away more quickly and the slides started aft with agility. The slides are slowed down when the middle of the recover is reached, and so well is this performed by some of his crews that the men are still sliding slightly toward the chocks when the blade of the oar grips the water for the beginning of the following stroke. This thing well done is what keeps the Pennsylvania boat traveling well without the check between strokes which is so noticeable in the rowing of some crews. This is not to say that the result cannot be accomplished in other ways, but that Ward has been successful in this matter.



SINNIARD, WINNER OF THE ONE-MILE

FINISH OF THE HALF-MILE—McDONALD WINNING

McDONALD, WINNER OF THE HALF-MILE

RACING AT VERONA LAKE, MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

Sore Hands



Red, Rough Hands, Itching, Burning Palms, and Painful Finger Ends.

One Night Treatment

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of CUTICURA SOAP. Dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA, the great skin cure and purest of emollients. Wear, during the night, old, loose kid gloves, with the finger ends cut off and air holes cut in the palms. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, this treatment is simply wonderful, and points to a speedy cure of the most distressing cases when physicians and all else fail.

Cured by Cuticura

I WAS troubled with hands so sore that when I put them in water the pain would near set me crazy, the skin would peel off, and the flesh would get hard and break, then the blood would flow from at least fifty places on each hand. Words never can tell the suffering I endured for three years.

I tried at least eight doctors, but my hands were worse than when I commenced doctoring. I tried every old Granny remedy that was ever thought of without one cent's worth of good and could not even get relief.

I would feel so badly mornings when I got up, to think that I had to go to work and stand pain for eight or nine hours, that I often felt like giving up my job, which was in the bottling works of Mr. E. L. Kerns, the leading bottler of Trenton, N. J., who will vouch for the truth of my sufferings.

Before I could start to work, I would have to wrap each finger on both hands, and then wear gloves, which I hated to do, for when I came to take them off, it would take two hours and the flesh would break and bleed. Some of my friends who had seen my hands would say, "If they had such hands they would have them amputated"; others would say "they would never work," and more would turn away in disgust. But thanks to Cuticura, the greatest of skin cures, it ended all my sufferings.

Just to think, after doctoring three years, and spending dollar after dollar during that time, Cuticura cured me. It has now been two years since I used it and I do not know what sore hands are. I never lost a day's work while I was using it or since, and I have been working at the same business, and in acids, etc.

THOS. A. CLANCY, 310 Montgomery St., Trenton, N. J.

Cuticura Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor.

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (25c.), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle, CUTICURA Ointment (50c.), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT (50c.), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, and humiliating skin, scalp, and blood humors, with loss of hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

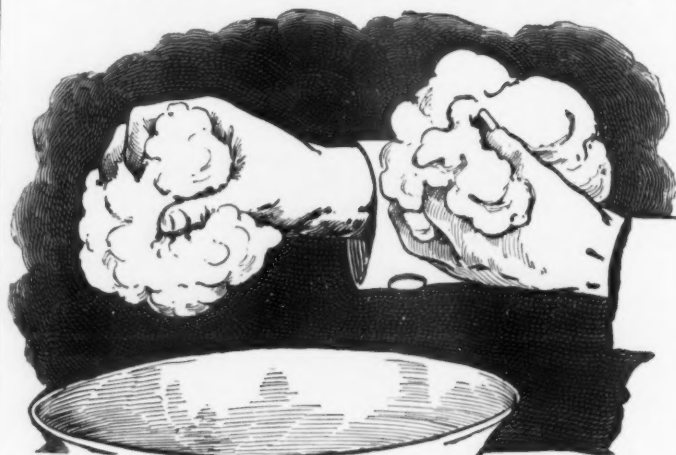
Millions of Women Use Cuticura Soap

Assisted by Cuticura Ointment for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, or too free or offensive perspiration in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially mothers, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. No amount of persuasion can induce those who have once used it to use any other, especially for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp, and hair of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap ever compounded is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery. Thus it combines in ONE SOAP at ONE PRICE, viz., TWENTY-FIVE CENTS, the BEST skin and complexion soap, the BEST toilet and BEST baby soap in the world.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

Feel of it!
"It's as soft and thick
as the richest cream."

As a Toilet Soap.



To Lovers of the Pure and Good.

A 2c. stamp (to pay postage)

will bring you a trial tablet of this famous article (enough for a week's use on your washstand). It will enable you to become acquainted with such a luxury for the toilet, that you will thank us as long as you live for having called your attention to it.

The same qualities—the soft, deliciously creamy, permeating lather, the soothing and refreshing effect upon the skin, its delicate, invigorating odor that have given it world-wide fame as a shaving soap—peculiarly fit Williams' Shaving Soap for TOILET use, and make it at once the purest, safest and most delightful of TOILET soaps.

Many physicians recommend Williams' Shaving Soap for the toilet, in cases where only the purest, most delicate and neutral soap can be used.

A pound package (6 Round Tablets) by mail, 40c.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are the only recognized standard for Shaving, and in the form of Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, Shaving Cream, etc., are sold by druggists and perfumers all over the world.

LONDON THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn. DRESDEN SYDNEY

The FUNERAL of Queen Victoria

ENGLAND'S final acts of reverent homage to the memory of Victoria—the naval pageant from Cowes and the military procession to Windsor—will be fully and adequately written and pictured in the next issue of *Collier's Weekly*.

At the first intimation that the Queen was seriously ill, Valerian Gribayedoff, our special correspondent in Paris, was sent to Cowes. In London were Julian Ralph and Edgar Fawcett, our resident correspondents. The articles and pictures from these experts of the pen and camera will make a memorable number of

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

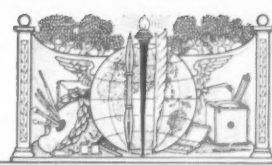


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The WEEK

WHAT ARE THE AMERICAN PEOPLE THINKING most about? Whither tends the course of opinion? What social or political changes are imminent as a result of the intellectual activity constantly going on about us, for the most part silent and unobtrusive, but a mighty power for good or ill in the end? It may be safely said, we think, that American public opinion is gradually developing along two well-defined lines, each of them tolerably sure to bring about great changes in our governmental system in the comparatively near future. One of these, of course, is the moral support of the country for that policy which would con-



SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR

sciously project American political control over foreign peoples. It cannot have escaped the notice of all close observers of public opinion that the American people are becoming more and more favorable to this policy, so much so that our legislators, our educators, even our supreme judicial tribunals, appear to have fallen within the influence of the new order of things and to be proceeding as if with leave. At first the new idea came as a great shock to old ideals; it did not seem possible the public opinion of this country would ever sustain a policy which in essence was "imperialistic." But familiarity bred contempt, not for the business in hand, but for the old-fashioned notions which stood in the way. We hear of admirable and much-loved public characters, like Senator Hoar, actually shedding tears because the character of their government is gradually changing, because cherished ideals are being swept away, because the procession—the mighty procession of man going forth to do the world's work in the byways as well as upon the highways—sweeps past them, ignoring their protests, disregarding their warnings, leaving them to stand alone, tearful, regretful, full of foreboding, helpless. The protest against this change has been in part moral and intellectual, in part simply political and to some extent insincere. But in all ways it appears to have been ineffectual. The procession is moving, and whether we like it or not we cannot close our eyes to the facts. There is still an agitation against "imperialism," it is true, and it is doing some good; it is helping to keep the procession in order, to hold it within bounds, to make it more regular and considerate, less ruthless and violent. But despite temporary reactions and certain obstacles, the forward movement does not stop at all; nor are there any signs of its stopping.

SURELY A POWERFUL BUT ALMOST IMPER-ceptible change is taking place in American public opinion—a change so striking that we have to pull ourselves together once in a while to realize its full significance. It appears that all our mental fermentation is over outward questions and that domestic policies, for the first time in our history, are almost wholly neglected. There is justification for this view in the wellnigh universal discussion of Cuba, the Philippines, the Nicaragua Canal, the forthcoming Supreme Court decision on the Constitution and the flag cases, the Shipping Subsidy bill, China. But is it true that these questions have actually, as well as apparently, engrossed all the activity of the public mind? Is there no development of note and promise as to our domestic concerns? We think there is, and this is the second phase of popular thought which it seems to us is working so strongly and quietly under the placid surface that most of us have failed to appreciate its importance. It is a demand for tax reform. While the demand springs first from the leaders of thought, from specialists and scientists like Professor Richard T. Ely, they are playing upon a popular chord whose capacity for sound and outbreak even they, perhaps, do not fully know. This agitation, though rapidly gathering force, is as yet diffused. It has not taken definite form or direction. But there are unmistakable signs that it is nearing the stage in which it will be necessary for it to be co-ordinated that it may adequately express itself. One thing we may be pretty sure of, and this is that it will not take the form of an attack upon the protective tariff system, save in an indirect or reflex way. That has been fought out. If this fermentation may be said to have already given indication of its final expression perhaps we shall find it in a demand for tax upon wealth. This demand is not only local, State and municipal, but national. It found expression in the income tax legislation which the Supreme

Court overthrew and to whose fate millions of Americans are not yet reconciled. Doubtless it is safe to assert that within a few years a new income tax law, framed to come within the Constitution, will pass Congress. Public opinion is rising for it.

IN ALL THIS IT IS NOT DIFFICULT TO SEE THE principle of action and reaction. Americans are piling up wealth at a rate never before known. Probably there never was in the history of the world so rich and prosperous a nation as this. Great fortunes are as common as black-



WILLIAM C. WHITNEY

berries, small fortunes almost as numerous as the sands of the sea-shore. It is becoming almost axiomatic that there is something wrong with the man who in these days fails to amass at least a comfortable competency. Many deplore this rising tide of wealth. They fear we are falling down before the golden calf; that we are in danger of becoming too materialistic. National expansion, government of subject peoples, the subsidy bill, the great standing army, are all looked upon by the sentimentalists as part of the orgy of brute force and mighty dollars which has taken possession of the world. But here comes the reaction. In a great democracy the two controlling forces are the leaders of thought—the large and happily increasing number of thinkers, philosophers, students and writers who resemble their ancient prototypes in caring little for the flesh-pots of accumulation—and the great mass of the people who prosper only moderately and are not so taken up with money-getting that they have no time for thinking. Between these two elements there is a natural affinity; one leads, the other follows; one gives scientific direction, the other furnishes the strength and the votes. It is these two forces that can stand against all the plutocracy in the world, with the press as their mouthpiece. When they are ready to move they can sweep the field, and sweep it quickly. Just now their tendency is toward moderate, scientific socialism. They would tax wealth, not destroy it. Men who grow rich do so through the protection given them by society. The state may not use its power to the extent of interference with the natural law of free opportunity. But it may say, and appears disposed to say with increasing force, that the unit of taxation must be the dollar, not the man. Rockefeller, Morgan, Vanderbilt, Whitney, Harriman, Hill, Gates, may acquire as much wealth as they please, or as their genius will enable them to do, but they owe the state something for the privileges which they enjoy, and must pay it. Besides, Mr. Gates has Senatorial aspirations.



JOHN W. GATES, CAPITALIST

THERE IS CAUSE FOR CONGRATULATION IN THE fact that this agitation takes on no extreme or violent form. The American people are moderate, well-balanced. They justify the hopes of all believers in a free and independent democracy. Americans will have expansion, even rule of dependent peoples, but they insist that this rule shall be just and generous. They demand regulation of monopolies and trusts, but they will sanction no State interference with the right of property, and they are willing to hear both sides of the case—the declaimers of politics as well as such men as Charles R. Flint, the "Father of Trusts," whose singularly able and lucid defence of commercial organizations has attracted attention far and wide. The people note the rising power of accumulated and centralized wealth, and they demand that wealth shall be taxed more than it has been; but confiscation is no part of their programme. They want an income tax, but they want it constitutional and moderate. They seek reform, not revolution. This union of forces between thinkers and masses of voters, with the public press as their rapid and universal means of communication and interpretation, brings a conservative and intelligent progress which will suffer no extremes—neither "imperialism" nor old-fogyism, neither a rule of plutocracy nor the rule of the mob.



CHARLES R. FLINT

IN THESE TIMES THERE IS AN INCREASING tendency to turn to the government for every reform. It is through the State that a democracy naturally chooses to find expression. The old notion of a federal government of limited powers belonged to the last century; it has no place in this. It seems but yesterday when Southern states-

men opposed government appropriations for expositions on the ground of their unconstitutionality. A little later internal improvements by federal agency were similarly cried down. All that is past. New Orleans, Charleston, St. Louis, have asked government aid for expositions, as well as Chicago, Omaha and Buffalo. No one thinks of raising the constitutional point against them now. The subsidy bill is opposed as a matter of policy, not as unconstitutional, as it would have been a decade ago. Greatly to the sorrow of the few strict constructionists that are left, the modern notion appears to be that anything can be done under the Constitution. Senator Mallory of Florida disclosed in a public speech that Senators had said to him in conversation that the Constitution was "practically a dead letter." An extreme statement; the Constitution lives, but no one doubts that it is more elastic than it ever was before, that the spirit of the times is to adapt constitutional interpretation to events, not to force events to conform to the Constitution.



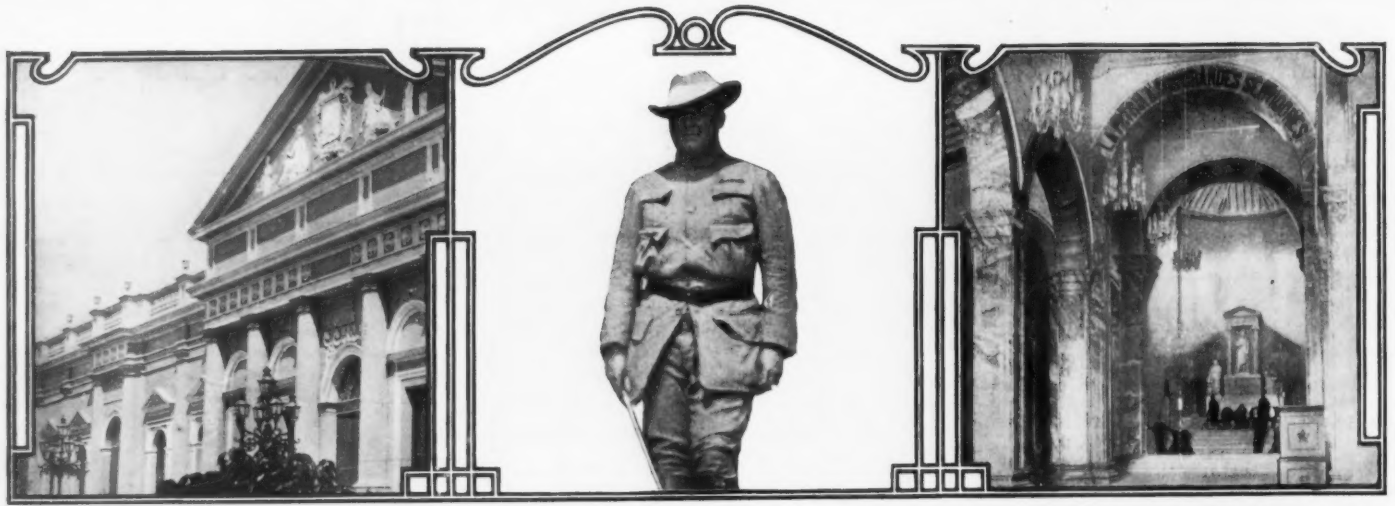
DAVID S. FRANCIS, PROMOTER OF THE ST. LOUIS FAIR, 1902

THIS FAITH IN AND DEPENDENCY UPON GOVERNMENT, which has swept away old ideals, inevitably leads to growth of paternalism; but, fortunately, the paternalism of our day and generation seeks not the impossible, but the practicable. The tendency is not toward "smashing the rich," but toward making wealth help lift up the "submerged tenth"; not to ask the State to do everything, but to do some things never before regarded as a part of the State's duty. One might predict that the people of this country will insist that wealth shall have full protection, but that it shall bear a greater part of the burden of taxation; and that a part, at least, of the revenue thus raised shall be used in discharging another obligation of the State in giving protection to its disabled or superannuated industrial workers. The German parliament recently passed an act of the utmost importance known as the disability and old-age insurance law. In Great Britain a similar agitation has for some time been a burning issue. It is due next in this country. There are liberal pensions for all who serve the State in army or navy. But the serious business of nations in these times is industrialism, not war. Fighting men are wellnigh obsolete; the system is medieval. But workingmen are the backbone of every nation; they are the army that makes a modern nation great and powerful. Why should not members of the industrial army have old-age pensions? Germany's answer is that they shall; and by the German plan, which Ambassador White has recently explained in a report to his government, every wage-earner who has completed his sixteenth year is enrolled under a compulsory pension law which ensures him against want in his old age. It is a curious fact that this idea came from Bismarck, the most effective of all the imperialists of the last century, who declared in the preamble of his plan for old-age insurance that every man who had served the state faithfully throughout his life and fallen a victim to poverty in old age might claim a support from the state, not as a charity, but as a right.

IN HIS REALLY NOTEWORTHY SPEECH TO THE Senate, Mr. Towne of Minnesota said: "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." I often think if you take the veneer off our modern civilization you will find underneath it the cave man, violent, voracious, cruel." The country only smiled when Mr. Towne applied this to the ruthlessness of American rule in the Philippines. We even fail to let our indignation rise to a very high pitch over the outrages which "civilized" soldiers are committing in China, where western armies are showing themselves to be as bad as the Boxers, where the Christian nations do not profit much in contrast with Oriental pagans. The veneer is rubbed off and the "cave man" is rampant in China; but we do not care much about it. And as for the "cave woman" from out of the West, this apostle of the aboriginal idea that when you do not like a thing you should grab up a club and smash it, she is only a passing joke. The American people, in short, decline to be thrown off their balance by new and most powerful combinations of wealth, by difficulties and regrettable occurrences in the Philippines, by the exorcism of civilized savagery in China, by Mrs. Nation's picturesque performances in Kansas, or by anything else. We have serious business in hand, and we are attending seriously to it, without excitement, nervousness or forebodings.



MRS. CARRIE NATION



THE FEDERAL PALACE AT CARACAS

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE PANTHEON AT CARACAS



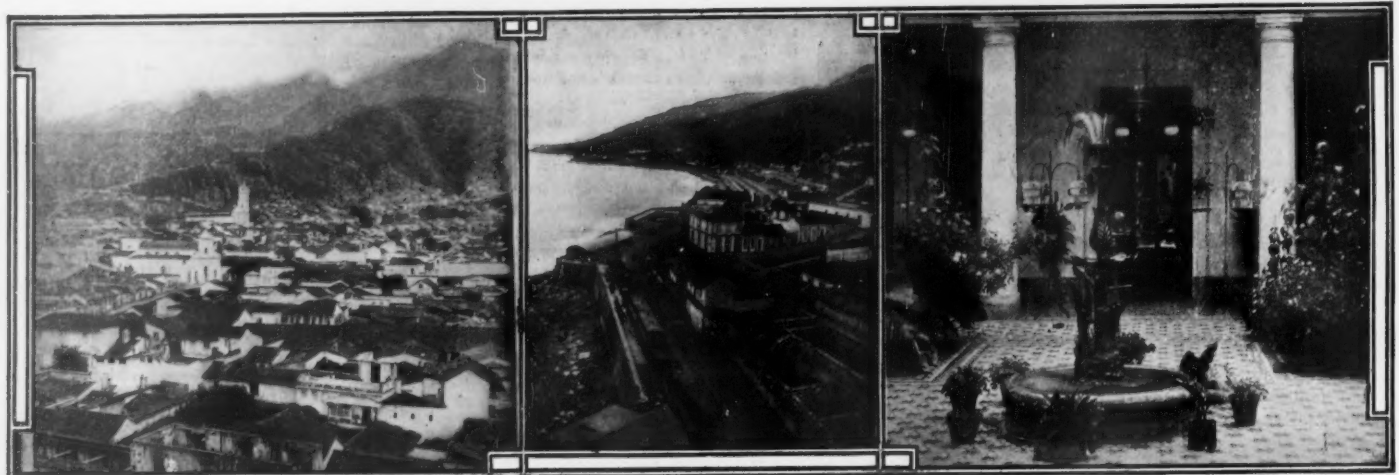
JAMES H. HARE
SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER

GUY SCULL
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE PLAZA AND—

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CARACAS, THE CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA

—THE OPERA HOUSE

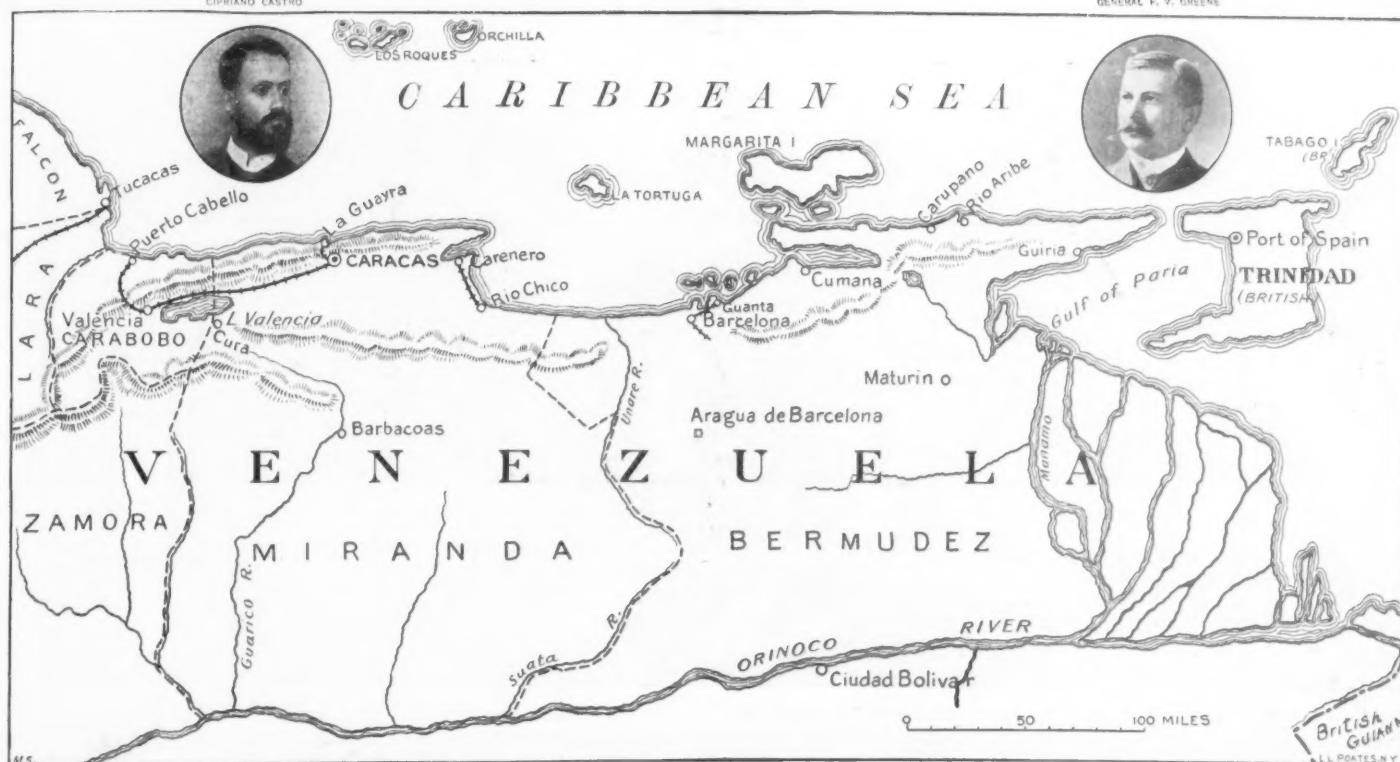


LA GUAYRA, THE SEAPORT OF CARACAS

ALONGSHORE AT LA GUAYRA

COURTYARD OF A VENEZUELAN RESIDENCE

CAPITAL AND SEAPORT OF VENEZUELA AND OUR SPECIAL WRITERS AND CORRESPONDENTS



THE TROUBLE IN VENEZUELA

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

WITHIN the last two weeks three of our warships have been ordered to the Port of La Guayra in Venezuela, and many more than three reasons have been furnished by the newspapers to explain why they were sent there.

INTIMIDATING LITTLE VENEZUELA

The government itself is alone responsible for the presence of the warships at La Guayra, but as yet it has made no official statement as to why the United States are threatening the chief port of a country with which they are at peace, and with which our relations have been much more than friendly. Indeed, within the last fifty years there are no people, with the exception of the Cubans on whose account we waged war, for whom this country has offered to make so great a sacrifice as it did for the people of Venezuela. For them we threatened to fight Great Britain, the most powerful antagonist we could have selected for that purpose. Remembering this, and that that was our attitude toward Venezuela only a few years ago, it is difficult to understand why our attitude has so suddenly changed, and why we now threaten the people we were lately so eager to protect. To justify our present conduct their offence, one would think, must have been peculiar and outrageous. For manœuvring warships in front of a foreign port is a serious matter; it is as serious as massing troops along the border of a neighboring country. Indeed, I cannot recollect that the United States have ever, except in cases of actual war, sent three warships to threaten any port of any power, however friendly or unfriendly.

When the other day the government found it impossible to collect an indemnity of seventy-five thousand dollars from the Sultan of Turkey, it did not send three warships to run the gantlet of the forts along the Dardanelles. Nor when the *Maine* was destroyed and three hundred men wearing the uniform of the United States Navy were killed did we send warships to make a demonstration in front of Havana, although we had them lying at Tampa Bay, only eight hours distant. Nor when the American crew of the *Virginian* was shot against a stone wall in the slaughter-house of Santiago, did our government parade her navy.

THE ASPHALT TANGLE

In consequence, the fact that it now does so, and the reason for an act so contrary to our precedent is of genuine interest. The reason as furnished by the newspapers seems somewhat inadequate. So far as one can gather from them, and the semi-official utterances of the Navy Department, the warships are there because our government believes, or pretends to believe, that the President of Venezuela purposes to abrogate a concession granted twenty-five years ago to an American corporation known as the New York and Bermudez Company. By the terms of this concession the company is permitted to work certain asphalt beds in the Province of Bermudez, now called the Province of Sucre. For thirteen years the company has been in peaceful possession of this property. It has spent much money in developing it, and upon trainways, refineries and docks. It has built up Guanaco, a village thirty-six miles from the coast in the extreme southeastern corner of Venezuela, and it has controlled steamships sailing between New York and that village. With the asphalt dug from the lakes it has paved many streets in the chief cities of the United States, and it has always paid the government of Venezuela the stipulated royalties on every ton of asphalt taken out of the country. In 1892 the then President of Venezuela attempted by decree to take back this property from the New York company, and give the concession to others, but on appeal to the highest courts of Venezuela his decree was declared to be null and void. Later, as short a time ago as

the 13th of December, Castro, the present President, issued another decree cancelling the mining rights of the New York corporation which it claims to have acquired and giving a portion of its property to the Warner-Quinlan Company of Syracuse.

That is where the matter stands to-day. It is a four-cornered fight between the two companies, the old one and the new, and the President of Venezuela and the courts of the republic. Our government has no right to interfere in the matter, unless the lives and property of Americans are in danger. Nothing as yet has occurred to show that they are.

ATTEMPTS AT PARTITIONING THE LATIN REPUBLICS

The President of Venezuela claims that the old company has taken more land than the concession intended it to have, and that it is this extra bit of land which he has given to the new company. This piece of disputed territory is stated to be worth ten millions of dollars. The old company, on its side, asserts that the President's claim is based on a "mere technicality," but, even by its own showing, the technicality raises a somewhat intricate question.

By the terms of the concession the New York company was entitled to work asphalt deposits located twenty miles from a certain village. Its surveyors used up the twenty miles in making a crooked and irregular line. They claim that an almost impenetrable jungle through which they had to pass made this twisting line necessary. The engineers of the government claim that this line should be a straight one. By one survey it includes a certain valuable asphalt lake, the one which the government has given to the new company, and by the other survey it does not. It appears to be entirely a question upon which the law should decide, and which the man behind the surveyor's transit could best set straight.

It is difficult to understand the question of the crooked and the straight line, as the officers of the company refuse to discuss the subject except through their lawyer. Perhaps they do not understand it themselves, and in any event it is not important that it should be understood. The Warner-Quinlan Company charge "gross fraud" on the part of the Bermudez Company and demand that the matter be submitted to the courts of Venezuela. The Bermudez Company refuses to talk, and asks for warships and, what is more, receives them. So, what is of great importance to every citizen of the United States who is proud of our navy and who incidentally pays to support it, is not whether the Warner-Quinlan Asphalt Company or the Bermudez Asphalt Company owns the Felicidad Lake, but whether the Administration at Washington is trying to settle such a question in favor of its friends, by placing the navy at their disposal.

PRESIDENTS' PALACES BUILT BY BLACKMAIL

In any other part of the world except South America the difficulty would not seem insurmountable. In any other country the courts would decide by the original wording of the concession how the line should be drawn, and a joint commission of engineers would lay it down accordingly. But in many of the republics of Central and South America the President looks upon concessions as his perquisites. He gives them away, not to enrich and open up the country, but for so much money with which to buy himself a palace in Paris when he follows his predecessors into exile. He also, for purposes of blackmail, withdraws a concession already granted.

So, it may be that, knowing this, the Bermudez Company was honest in protesting that Castro intended to seize its plant and

buildings at Guanaco, that the lives of its employees were in danger, and in thinking that it was justified in asking for a squadron of warships to protect its property. But up to this time no one has been disturbed at Guanaco, and the promised revolution which the officials of the Bermudez Company prophesied would bring such dire disaster to themselves has broken out mildly at Carupano, a place as far distant from the property of the Asphalt Company as is Chicago from New York. Unless something very serious happens very soon to the corrugated zinc sheds and mud huts of the Asphalt Company, our government will appear ridiculous, or worse; for it has, apparently without cause, threatened and bullied a friendly people to please a private corporation. It will have used the blue-jackets of our navy to act as Janissaries for the friends of the Administration. If it is true that it has done this, then the presence of the squadron at La Guayra is of less concern to the people of Venezuela than to the citizens of the United States.

"WORKING" THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

The New York and Bermudez Company is one of several controlled by the National Asphalt Company, or, as it is commonly called, the Asphalt Trust. Its chief officers are all Republicans and men of importance in that party: General Francis V. Greene, the president of the company, until a month ago, has been chairman of the New York Republican County Committee, is a protégé of Senator Platt, and is to be the chief marshal on the day of the inauguration of the President. His associate, General Avery D. Andrews, was a Republican Police Commissioner with Colonel Roosevelt, and when the Vice-President-elect moved over to Albany, General Andrews went with him on his personal staff. Other officers of the Trust are such staunch supporters of the Administration as Messrs. Weidener and Elkins of Philadelphia. Members of the Trust have been frequently to Washington to urge the State and Navy Departments to interfere in behalf of their private interests. If their influence with the Administration is so great that they can induce it to threaten a friendly power and to police their property for them, they are only human in making use of their "pull." A man who can for the asking control three warships would be foolish not to avail himself of the privilege, and the people of the United States will not blame the Asphalt Trust for asking for warships, but the government for putting them to such a service. The people may also wish to know why the attorney for the Trust, Mr. Henry W. Bean, a civilian, was, contrary to one of the strictest rules of our navy, carried in a government vessel, the *Hartford*, from La Guayra to Caracas. They will be even more interested when they learn "that the *Hartford* was placed at his disposal" at the request of the officers of the Trust.

MAKING PASSENGER SHIPS OF THE WHITE SQUADRON

Every American citizen abroad deserves, and should receive, the help of his government, and employees of the Asphalt Trust, whether they be street payers or attorneys, are as much entitled to its protection as missionaries or consuls. But it is not becoming that the ships of our White Squadron should be turned into passenger vessels and private yachts for corporation lawyers who happen to enjoy a "pull" at Washington. It is not the fact that the Trust is being protected which is open to criticism, but the motives which seem to have induced the President to protect it.

Because the son-in-law of Jules Ferry wished to protect his concession to work copper mines in China, President Ferry dragged the French people into the disastrous Tonkin War, and we had, during the Administration of President Harrison,

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 23)



DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES FROM COWES TO MEET THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN LONDON—GOING ON BOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA" AT TRINITY PIER



REPORTERS WAITING AT THE GATES OF OSBORNE HOUSE FOR BULLETINS ANNOUNCING THE QUEEN'S CONDITION, TAKEN JUST BEFORE HER MAJESTY'S DEATH



REPORTERS GATHERED IN A ROOM IN A SMALL HOTEL AT COWES WRITING THEIR DESPATCHES ABOUT THE PROGRESS OF THE QUEEN'S ILLNESS

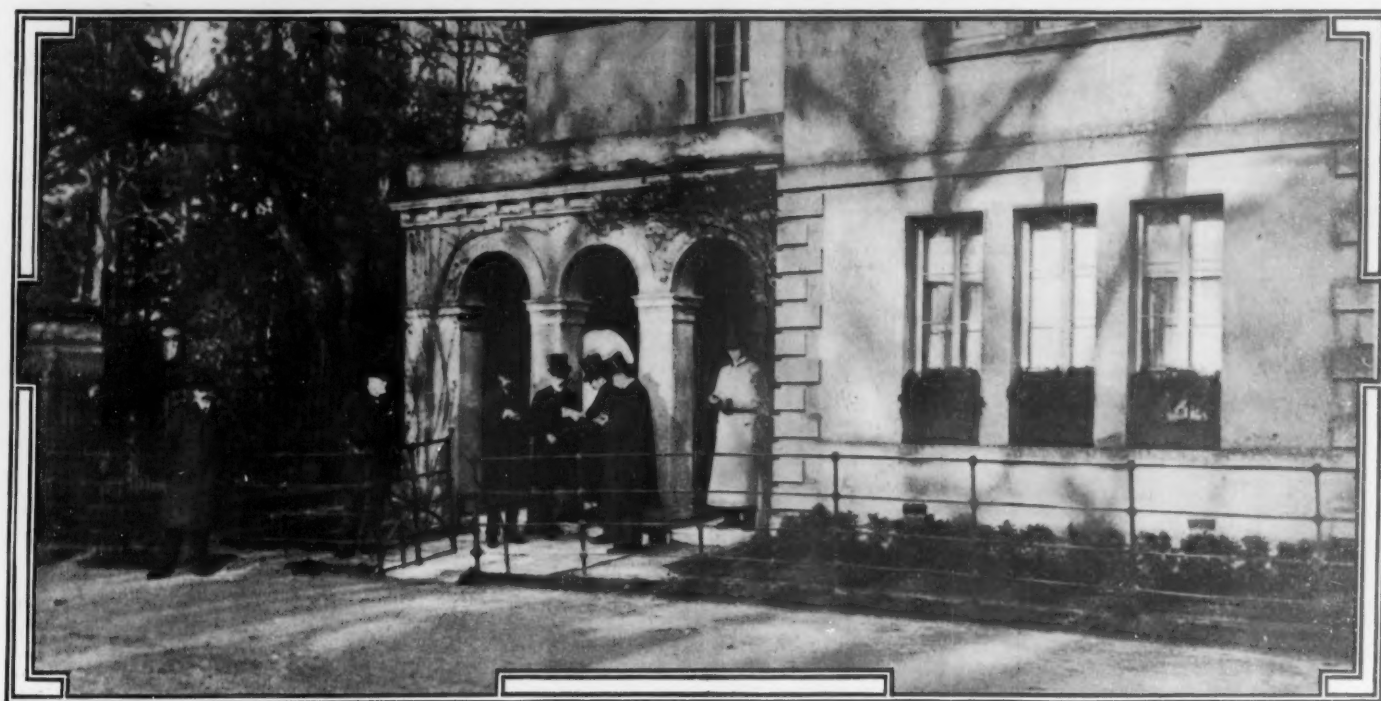
THE LAST HOURS OF QUEEN VICTORIA



THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND THE PRINCE OF WALES LEAVING THE "ALBERTA" AT TRINITY PIER, COWES, ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL YACHT AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT



THE GERMAN EMPEROR, PRINCE OF WALES, AND DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT DRIVING FROM TRINITY PIER TO OSBORNE HOUSE



REPORTERS AT OSBORNE HOUSE RECEIVING THE LAST BULLETINS CONCERNING THE QUEEN'S CONDITION AND PREPARING THEIR DESPATCHES

THE LAST HOURS OF QUEEN VICTORIA



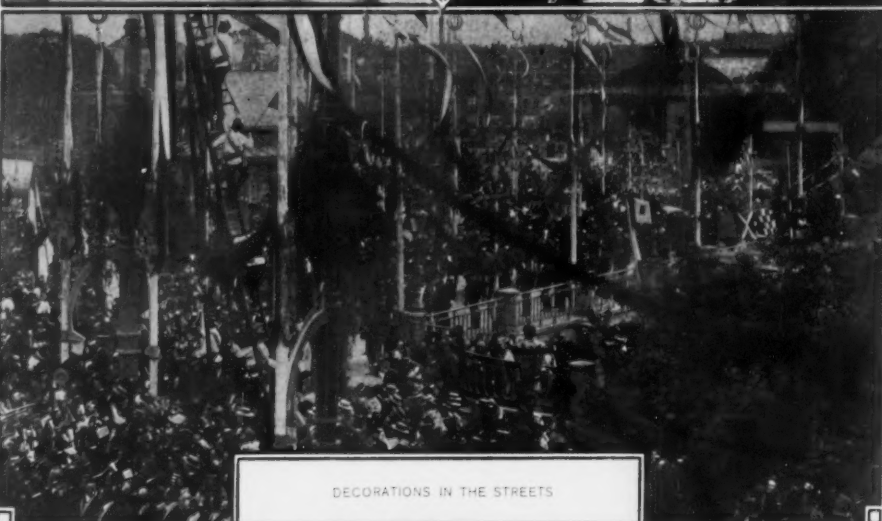
THE QUEEN ON THE BALCONY OF THE PALACE AT THE HAGUE



THE QUEEN IN HER CARRIAGE IN FRONT OF THE HAGUE PALACE



THE LATEST PROFILE PORTRAITS OF QUEEN WILHELMINA—



DECORATIONS IN THE STREETS



—TAKEN BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE ROYAL HOUSE



QUEEN WILHELMINA AND HER FIANCE, DUKE HENRY—



THE SUMMER RESIDENCE, HET LOO,



—FROM THE LATEST PORTRAITS OF THE ROYAL COUPLE



QUEEN WILHELMINA AND DUKE HENRY TAKING A DRIVE IN STATE



WILHELMINA HELENA PAULINE MARIA, "THE LITTLE QUEEN" OF THE NETHERLANDS, whose marriage to Duke Henry of Mecklenburg-Schwerin at The Hague, the Dutch capital, appears to have wonderfully interested all classes throughout the world, was born August 31, 1880, from the union of King William III. of Holland with Princess Adelheid Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, his second wife. Queen Wilhelmina succeeded to the throne of the Netherlands at the death of her father, November 23, 1890, and during her minority the regency was in the hands of her mother, who has been variously known as the Queen-Dowager, Queen-Mother, and Queen-Regent. Duke Henry is twenty-five years of age. He is an uncle of Grandduke Frederick Francis IV., the sovereign of the Grandduchy of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, one of Germany's "minor principalities," numbering a population of 600,000, and having political institutions of a feudal character. On his marriage with Queen Wilhelmina, Duke Henry is not invested with the title and rank of King of the Netherlands, but becomes merely Prince Consort, as did the late Queen Victoria's husband, Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The sanction of both Chambers of the States-General was required for the marriage, an event universally celebrated by the Dutch people. The centre of popular rejoicing, of course, is the capital. Torchlight processions, serenades, held before the royal palace at The Hague by the united choral societies of Holland, a distribution of alms among the poor, and free entertainments provided for multitudes of the working class are the notable features of the ante-nuptial observances which directly concern the loyal subjects of "The Little Queen"

THE PASSING OF QUEEN VICTORIA

By JULIAN RALPH
Special Correspondent of Collier's Weekly in London

A CORRESPONDENT'S RETROSPECT

I AM SITTING in a country hotel bedroom in East Cowes, a quarter of an hour's drive from Osborne, momentarily expecting the news of the Queen's death. The scenes are in no respect different from those which American journalists took part in when President Garfield was dying or when they have been called upon to await the end of the lives of our other great men in the near past. At Osborne there is a break in the many miles of fencing around the estate, and there behind the great and stately gate is a little stone lodge, in which the correspondents sit by day and sleep in broken cat-naps at night. Across the road is a small country public-house or drinking saloon, and this also is constantly crowded with the men of the press. A London policeman or two stand in the roadway by the gate, and the Scotland Yard officials whose duty it has been to guard the life and body of the aged Queen and of the Prince of Wales walk to and from the gate and the palace, each one a middle-aged, well-groomed, reticent man with habitually restless eyes, which take in every movement around them and every new face that comes along. Yesterday the sun shone and we enjoyed an anticipation of spring. To-day a cold rain is driving down and every one is wet and chilled to the bone. So go the days in which a prince or an emperor may figure largely for five minutes, but in which there are no other variations in the monotony of waiting. Three or four times a day a servant comes from the palace, which is too deep in the great park to be seen from the gates, and lays upon the table in the Lodge the newest bulletin from the doctors. Invariably these bulletins have been sent to London before being given out here, and it may easily be that you read them in America sooner than we see them here. You are aware of how meagre these messages are, and how they raise the nation's hopes at least once a day only to dash them back with a note of despair before the day closes. These form all the news we get. Not another word leaks out of the palace.

A HORRIBLE REVELATION

This picture of what the world is seeing of the great Queen's death I send you with the feeling that when this reaches you she will have been dead for days. We will not dwell further upon what must be ancient and of small import when you get it. Instead let us discuss why the monarch is dying, what causes operated to break her down and leave her helpless, on account of her extreme age, to combat with any strength for recovery. We know that she who has stood as the highest

exemplar of happy loyal wifehood, and for a widowhood which has been one long consecration of her love for her husband, has not been blessed by the sight of even one wholly happy marriage among her children. We know that it had been her constant prayer and insistence that not a single great war against a white race should mar the closing years of her reign, and yet she is dying with such a war in full headway and with her heart torn by the deaths and sufferings of her subjects and her own kin. But it is said that not even this was the force which dealt her the final crushing blow. That came, it is intimated, from her discovery that the long virtuous life she had spent was to leave in its train a dreadful shadow athwart the lives of her offspring. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was the first to fall a victim to this terrible distemper of the blood, and hardly was he buried ere the same malady discovered itself in the blood of her first-born, the Dowager Empress Frederick of Germany. It is said that this hideous revelation of an incurable distemper in the blood of her descendants completely unnerved her. She had braced herself against the sorrow born of the marital unhappiness around her, she had braced herself against the shocks of death in her own family circle as fast and as heavily as the blows fell. She had accepted the challenge of the African republics and bowed her head in sanction of a war she was powerless to prevent. In every case the misfortunes came from outside and were quite apart from her responsibility, but when this disease came in the blood that had flown in her own body she seemed to feel that it carried a personal reproach against herself, and that feeling brought about the physical surrender which was to give the victory to Death.

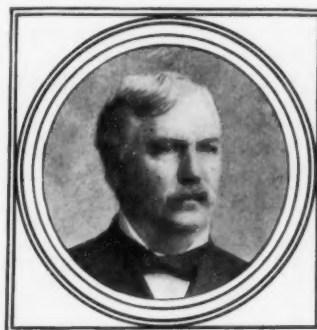
THE PASSING OF ROYAL OSBORNE

This is the end of Osborne as a seat of the monarchs of England. The Prince of Wales, or King, as he is momentarily to be, has always detested the quiet and rural palace his mother caused to be built deep in the heart of a great park, miles from any dwellings. Indeed, it is said that when the Prince came with the Emperor of Germany he said that it was a shame to have brought the old lady here in her last illness. The German Emperor, on the other hand, has always been very partial to Cowes and Osborne, his fondness for his grandmother and his love of yachting having often sent him here. He is a member of the yacht squadron, and is a familiar figure here. I saw him when he arrived on this visit of mourning, and truly superb did he look. He is a large man and very kingly, erect, and what the English call very smart-

looking. In spite of the widely circulated news that he had changed his manner of wearing his mustaches, their stiff points were still pointing heavenward. He was dressed no differently from the correspondents who looked at him—in a lounging suit and black derby hat. When I saw him at Prince Bismarck's funeral he saluted the crowds of people in a military way by bringing his right hand sharply up to the side of his head. But here in England he kept slightly lifting his hat and bending his body forward and back. The Prince sat opposite, looking much heavier of face, grayer and less alert than I had ever seen him. The Duke of Connaught was a picture of activity and brightness second only to the Kaiser, who, I was told, always insists that when the Queen dies he will be the head of the English royal family, as he is the eldest son of the Queen's eldest child. On account of his rank, he always takes precedence of every one here except the Queen, and there was a moment of by-play when the Prince urged him to enter the carriage first. He protested, but the Prince was firm, and the Emperor led the way. When the carriage rolled between the stone columns of Osborne gate it was as if it had entered a sepulchre and the stone at the opening had been rolled in place and cemented. For days not a word of news or gossip that rested upon even the slightest foundation of authority ever leaked out of those gates.

A GLOOMY OUTLOOK FOR ROYALTY

Osborne Palace is to go the Princess Beatrice, the widow of Prince Henry of Battenberg. It is the private property of the Queen, who bought the land, built the palace and then set up smaller mansions in the park, one for the Battenbergs and one for the heir-apparent. The new King is even less likely to go to Balmoral in Scotland than to Osborne, and Buckingham Palace in London is greatly disliked by all the family. It is a big, cold, formal barn of a building, without a homelike corner anywhere about it. Sandringham, the Prince's country house, may continue to attract him, but it is not large enough for a monarch's residence, so that we may expect to see him build a new palace or buy some splendid ducal establishment that suits his needs. He does not look at all well or strong, and people already shrug their shoulders and whisper their hope that he may exhibit the lasting powers of his race. But they utter the wish as if it was weighted down with doubt. As we all saw the second heir, the Duke of York, we could not help feeling that there was even less promise of great strength and endurance in that slender form and gaunt face than in the over stout and tired figure of his father.



DAVID B. HENDERSON

WASHINGTON LETTER

—BY—
WALTER WELLMAN
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY



HENRY M. TELLER

"WILLIAM McKINLEY, PRESIDENT"

"WILLIAM McKINLEY of Ohio is elected President of these United States and Theodore Roosevelt of New York is elected Vice-President of these United States, each for the term beginning March 4, 1901."

So declared the president pro tempore of the Senate. Again the sovereign people of these United States had chosen and declared the head of their state and his possible successor. When he uttered these words the acting Vice-President was standing at the desk of Speaker Henderson in the Hall of the House of Representatives. The Speaker was by his side. Together they represented the great American parliament. Before them, in the wide hall of the popular branch, sat the Senators and the Representatives, four hundred strong. The galleries were crowded. Applause broke forth when the impressive declaration was made. To the many gayly costumed occupants of the diplomatic gallery the ceremonies must have seemed severely simple. So they were. Compared with coronations or other state occasions in the Old World they lacked pomp and glitter, the flowing robe and the purple vestment. But they spoke the character of our republican institutions, just the same. They formed the last step but one in a series of events which for majesty of human movement have no equal elsewhere in the wide world—the local caucuses, the district gatherings, the State conventions, the great national nominating conventions, the creaking of the elaborate machinery of the two or three political parties; the long campaign, with its tremendous outpouring of human energy; the election, mightiest of days, with fifteen millions of freemen exercising the sovereign right of choice, each impressing his individuality in his little way upon the government and the policy of his country; the meeting of the electoral college at the capital of each of the States—and now this opening and counting of their returns in the presence of the Congress and the representatives of all the nations. Last scene of all will come a fortnight hence when the men to-day declared elected

are to take the oaths of their office with as much of pomp and circumstance as our simple republican methods permit.

THE TELLER COMPROMISE AND TROUBLE

"Beware of compromises," wrote one of the greatest and most experienced of American statesmen in his memoirs. He could not have had the Teller compromise in mind, for he was dead before it came to life, but that episode of our national history is now returning to plague its authors and give added force to the warning. Three years ago lacking a month or two Congress was in a ferment over the Cuban question. The greatest crime of modern times, the destruction of the battleship *Maine*—greatest in itself and greatest in its effect upon the history of the world—was to be avenged by a war of deliverance. There was substantial agreement as to the wisdom of ousting Spain, but beyond this the Congress split into two factions: one wanted to make war without recognition of any government or any declaration of purpose beyond that involved in the very act of war, leaving the future to take care of the future; the other wanted to recognize the existing "saddle-bag" provisional or military government which the Cubans had established and to some extent maintained. Curiously enough, certain Republicans entered into this latter scheme for the purpose of humbling the Administration of President McKinley, who was then only a year in his Executive chair. They joined forces with Democrats and other members of the opposition, and the President and his friends were sore pressed to avert the threatened recognition. They telegraphed for help to all parts of the country, and men who were supposed to have influence with Senators and Representatives poured in by every train. After a sharp battle the Administration won; but only through a compromise, none other than the famous Teller resolution, which declared that in ousting Spain from Cuba the United States had no purpose to exercise jurisdiction, sovereignty or control save for the pacification of the

island, and that when this was secured it would withdraw and leave Cuba to the people thereof.

SENATOR TELLER GOT US INTO AN AWKWARD SCAPE

When to-day I asked Senator Teller to tell me how this resolution came to be adopted he replied by saying that he and his friends were afraid the recognition of the Cuban Government could not be carried, and being determined to get all they could out of the situation for the benefit of the Cuban people, he took his resolution to Senator Davis, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in charge upon the floor, and Mr. Davis accepted it. No meeting of the committee was called, but after informal consultation with his committee colleagues in the Senate chamber, Mr. Davis added the resolution to the declaration that Cuba was and ought to be free and that the President should proceed to make it so. Senator Teller adds that for two or three days, or throughout the remainder of the contest, his resolution was before the Senate and the House. Every one understood what it was. There was no voting in the dark. And yet it was a compromise, was designed and accepted as such. Mr. Teller thinks Congress made a mistake in not recognizing the Gomez Government. If it had done so, he says, all this trouble would have been averted. But in this most of his colleagues do not agree with him. They go further and declare that the greatest blunder the Congress ever made—and it has made a good many—was in accepting this compromise at all. At any rate, Congress is now looking anxiously about for some way out of the dilemma—some way in which it may seem to keep its pledge to withdraw and leave the island to the people thereof and yet not withdraw to the extent of leaving the Cubans absolute control of their foreign relations, war-making power and everything else. The prevailing impression is that in the goodness of his big and gen-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)



THE ETERNAL CITY

By HALL CAINE Author of "The Decemster," "The Manxman,"
"The Christian," Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

SYNOPSIS

The prologue occurs in London, where a little Italian street musician, called David Leone, is given shelter by a compatriot, exiled from Rome for conspiracies against the papal and temporal powers, and going by the name of Doctor Roselli. The doctor's infant daughter is present when young David is brought home. Twenty years are supposed to have elapsed when, at the opening of the story proper, we see her again, in Rome. She is now known as Donna Roma, has become a sculptress, and because of her personal fascinations and extravagance is the talk of the Eternal City. The scandal-mongers connect her name with that of Baron Bonniuo, Italy's autocratic Prime Minister. In his company, and with other friends, she attends a public religious festival, participated in by the Pope, an unexpected episode of which is an inflammatory speech by one David Rossi, a noted anarchist member of Parliament. Donna Roma is strongly impressed by the fervent eloquence and handsome mien of Rossi, whose face and voice seem to evoke in her dim memories of other days. She abruptly leaves the gay company.

IX



ROMA HAD TAKEN REFUGE IN the council-room—a room whose three walls seemed built in blocks of English blue-books while the fourth was open to the square. There had been much business that morning, and a copy of the Statute lay open on a large table, which had a plate-glass top with photographs under the surface.

In this passionless atmosphere, so little accustomed to such scenes, Roma sat in her wounded pride and humiliation, with her head down, and her beautiful white hands over her face. The whole earth seemed to sink under her, and she was struggling to keep back her sobs. It was like the Day of Judgment, and her doom had fallen on her in a moment out of a sky of cloudless blue.

She heard measured footsteps approaching, and then a hand touched her on the shoulder. She looked up and drew back as if the touch had stung her. A sudden change had come over her beautiful face, and the violet eyes almost seemed as if they had bled. Her lips closed sternly and she

got up and began to walk about the room, and then she burst into a torrent of anger.

"Did you hear them! The cats! How they loved to claw me, and still purr and purr! Before the sun is set the story will be all over Rome! It has run off already on the hoofs of that woman's English horses. She'll drive them until they drop, taking the news everywhere. How they'll gloat over it in their tea-room in the Corso—all the fantastic old Philomons and the faded Baucis who have been jealous of me for years! To-morrow morning it will be in every newspaper in the kingdom. Olga and Lena and every woman of them all who lives in a glass house will throw stones. 'The new Pompadour! Who is she?' Oh, I could die of vexation and shame!"

The Baron leaned against the table and listened, twisting the ends of his mustache.

"The Court will turn its back on me now. They only wanted a good excuse to put their humiliations upon me. The ostlers and grooms who call themselves Counts and Commandatori, and the little antique frights who have grown old and still try to fascinate men—they'll carry their ugly

necks like gazelles and find me too notorious! It's horrible! I can't bear it. I won't. I tell you, I won't!"

But the lips compressed with scorn began to quiver visibly, and she threw herself into a chair, took out her handkerchief and hid her face on the table.

At that moment Felice came into the room to say that the Commendatore Angelelli had returned and wished to speak with his Excellency.

"I will see him presently," said the Baron, with an impassive expression, and Felice went out silently, as one who had seen nothing.

The Baron's calm dignity was wounded. "Be so good as to rise, and have some regard for me in the presence of my servants," he said. "I understand your feelings, but you are much too excited to see things in their proper light. You have been publicly insulted and degraded, but you must not talk to me as if it were my fault."

"Then whose is it? If it is not your fault whose fault is it?" she said, and the Baron thought her red eyes flashed up at him with an expression of hate. He took the blow full in the face but made no answer, and his silence broke her anger.

"No, no, that was too bad," she said, and she reached over to him and he kissed her, and then sat down beside her and took her hand and held it. At the next moment her brilliant eyes had filled with tears and her head was down and the hot drops were falling on to the back of his hand.

After a while she became calmer, but with the calm of desolation, the calm after the cyclone, when the world is a waste where there had once been a garden in which flowers smiled and the grass was green.

"I suppose it is all over," she said.

"Don't say that," he answered. "We don't know what a day may bring forth. Before long I may have it in my power to silence every slander and justify you in the eyes of all."

At that she raised her head with a smile and seemed to look beyond the Baron at something in the vague distance, while the glass top of the table, which had been clouded by her breath, cleared gradually, and revealed a large house almost hidden among trees. It was a photograph of the Baron's palace in the Alban hills.

"Only," continued the Baron, "you must get rid of that man Bruno."

"I will discharge him this very day—I will! I will! I will!"

There was an intense bitterness in the thought that what David Rossi had said must have come of what her own servant had told him—that Bruno had watched her in her own house day by day, and that time after time the two men had discussed her between them.

"I could kill him," she said.

"Bruno Rocco?"

"No, David Rossi."

But the real torment came of the thought that she had been so near to loving him—had almost raised him to a poetic height of adoration in her eyes—when he had disgraced and degraded her.

"Have patience, he shall be punished," said the Baron.

"How?"

"He shall be put on his trial."

"What for?"

"Sedition. The law allows a man to say what he will about a Prime Minister, but he must not foretell the overthrow of the King. The fellow has gone too far at last. He shall go to Santo Stefano."

"What good will that do?"

"He will be silenced—and crushed."

She looked at the Baron with a sidelong smile, and something in her heart, which she did not understand, made her laugh at him.

"Do you imagine you can crush a man like that by trying and condemning him?" she said. "He has insulted and humiliated me, but I'm not silly enough to deceive myself. Try him, condemn him, and he will be greater in his prison than the King on his throne."

The Baron twisted the ends of his mustache again.

"Besides," she said, "what benefit will it be to me if you put him on trial for inciting the people to rebellion against the King? The public will say it was for insulting yourself, and everybody will think he was punished for telling the truth."

The Baron continued to twist the ends of his mustache.

"Benefit!" She laughed ironically. "It will be a double injury. The insult will be repeated in public again and again. First, the advocate for the crown will read it aloud, then the advocate for the defence will quote it, and then it will be discussed and dissected and telegraphed until everybody in Court knows it by heart and all Europe has heard of it."

The Baron made no answer, but watched the beautiful face, now very pale, behind which conflicting thoughts seemed to wriggle like a knot of vipers. Suddenly she leaped up with a spring.

"I know," she cried, "I know! I know! I know!"

"Well?"

"Give the man to me, and I will show you how to escape from this humiliating situation."

"Roma?" said the Baron, but he had read her thought already.

"If you punish him for this speech you will injure both of us and do no good to the King."

"It's true."

"Take him in a serious conspiracy, and you will be doing us no harm and the King some service."

"No doubt."

"You find there is a mystery about David Rossi, and you want to know who he is, who his father was, and where he spent the years he was away from Rome."

"I would certainly give a good deal to know it."

"You want to know what vile refuge in London filled him with his fancies, what conspiracies he is hatching, what secret societies he belongs to, and, above all, what his plans and schemes are, and whether he is in league with the Vatican."

She spoke so rapidly that the words sputtered out of her quivering lips.

"Well?"

"Well, I will find it all out for you."

"My dear Roma!"

"Leave him to me, and within a month you shall know"—she laughed, a little ashamed—"the inmost secrets of his soul."

She was walking to and fro again, to prevent the Baron from looking into her face, which was now red over its white, like a rose moon in a stormy sky.

The Baron thought: "She is going to humble the man by her charms—to draw him on and then fling him away, and thus pay him back for what he has done to-day. So much the better for me if I may stand by and do nothing. A strong Minister should be unmoved by personal attacks. He should appear to regard them with contempt."

He looked at her, and the brilliancy of her eyes set his heart on fire. The terrible attraction of her face at that moment stirred in him the only love he had for her. At the same time it awakened the first spasm of jealousy.

"I understand you, Roma," he said. "You are splendid! You are irresistible! But remember—the man is one of the incorruptible."

She laughed.

"No woman who has yet crossed his path seems to have touched him, and it is the pride of all such men that no woman ever can."

"I've seen him," she said.

"Take care! As you say, he is young and handsome."

She tossed her head and laughed again.

The Baron thought: "Certainly he has wounded her in a way no woman can forgive."

"And what about Bruno?" he said.

"He shall stay," she answered. "Such men are easy enough to manage."

"You wish me to liberate David Rossi and leave you to deal with him?"

"I do! Oh for the day when I can turn the laugh against him as he has turned the laugh against me! At the top of his

hopes, at the height of his ambitions, at the moment when he says to himself: "It is done—he shall fall."

The Baron touched the bell. "Very well!" he said. "One can sometimes catch more flies with a spoonful of honey than with a hoghead of vinegar. We shall see."

A moment later the Chief of Police entered the room. "The Honorable Rossi is safely lodged in prison," he said.

"Commendatore," said the Baron, pointing to the book lying open on the table, "I have been looking again at the Statute, and now I am satisfied that a Deputy can be arrested by the sovereign authorization of Parliament alone."

"But, Excellency, if he is taken in the act, according to the forty-fifth article, the parliamentary immunity ceases."

"Commendatore, I have given you my opinion, and now it is my wish that the Honorable David Rossi should be set at liberty."

"Excellency!"

"Be so good as to liberate him instantly, and let your officers see him safely through the streets to his home in the Piazza Navona."

The little head like a hen's went down like a hatchet, and Commendatore Angelelli backed out of the room.

X

THE great clock of St. Peter's struck twelve, and, at the same moment, a breeze seemed to blow under the house with a sound such as comes from the ground-swell over autumn leaves. Roma and the Baron stepped up to the windows, and looked out on the Piazza. Under the sunlit awning of the great balcony of the Basilica a small figure was lifting its little hands, and spreading its white sleeve-like wings. It was the Pope saluting the new century and blessing all the nations of the earth in one solemn benediction. His face could not be discerned, but his voice rose like a bell on a rock at sea in tones of warning, supplication and love—

"May the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, in whose power and authority we confide, intercede for us to the Lord."

"Amen!"

"And may the blessing of Almighty God, [+] Father, [7] Son and [4] Holy Ghost, descend upon you and remain with you forever."

"Amen!"

The human waves beneath were still. Over all the Piazza, as far as to the embracing arms of the colonnade, the people knelt, without noise, and only the flashing forest of the soldiers' bayonets could be heard when, at the last word of the Benediction, the rifles clanged on the pavement.

The silence was profound and awful. All the noises of life had ceased, and it was almost as if the world were trembling before it plunged into some abyss.

Then the midday cannon of the Castle of St. Angelo boomed

out over the city, and people on their knees clutched at each other as if the familiar sound had been the voice of God on the Day of Judgment. At the next moment the church bells were ringing—first the great bell of St. Peter's, and then all the church bells of the city, clashing and clanging together.

By this time the white wings under the sunlit awning were dropping indulgences from the great balcony, and people were struggling for the slips of paper as they fell. At the next moment the little figure was moving away with its huge fans on either side of it and the ordinary life of the world was resumed.

Only half a minute, and yet it seemed as if for that period all human hearts had ceased to beat. When Roma came to herself she was rising from her knees, and the Baron was in the act of rising beside her. He rose with a shamefaced look, and turning to Roma, who was closing her astrakhan coat to go, he took hold of it by the revers and began to fasten it over her full and graceful form. The joyous smile had come back to her face, and as he stood in front of her he reached over to kiss her again, but she turned her head aside and his lips touched her cheek.

Then she laughed and took his arm, and he saw her to the carriage. The joy of life and motion had returned to her already, and she walked with a quick high-lifting of the feet, as if the wings of Mercury were under her ankles. Going through the outer room, with its gilding of the Middle Ages, she spoke in her ordinary cheery way to the servants.

"Good-day, Felice!" and Felice's icy smile was like the glint of a glacier.

"What a treasure that man is! Sees nothing! Must have been brought up in the Vatican and caught the manners of a Cardinal!"

"You shall have him at Trinità dei Monti if you wish it," said the Baron. And thus they passed through the gloomy throne-room, with its faded armchair turned to the wall, as it had been since the days when the crippled old banker entertained Popes and dreamed of making them.

The crowd was running out of the Piazza in rivers of people on foot, irate coachmen were shouting to carabinieri on horseback, and over the many sounds of the ebbing tide of humanity were heard the clashing and plungings of the church bells in the sunlit air above the city, like thunder set to music. It was with difficulty that the porter with the silver mace made a way to the carriage that stood waiting before the courtyard.

Donna Roma sprang up to her place and sank back into the blue silk cushions, and a lackey in powdered wig brought up the dog and put it beside her. As the liveries of scarlet and gold disappeared around the corner the Baron saw a white-gloved hand waving to him with a lively motion, and a lovely face smiling as behind a veil.

(END OF PART ONE)

PART TWO

THE REPUBLIC OF MAN

I

PIAZZA NAVONA is the heart and soul of old Rome. In other quarters of the living city you feel tempted to ask: "Is this London?" or, "Is this Paris?" or, "Is this New York or Berlin?" but in the Piazza Navona you can only tell yourself, "This is Rome!"

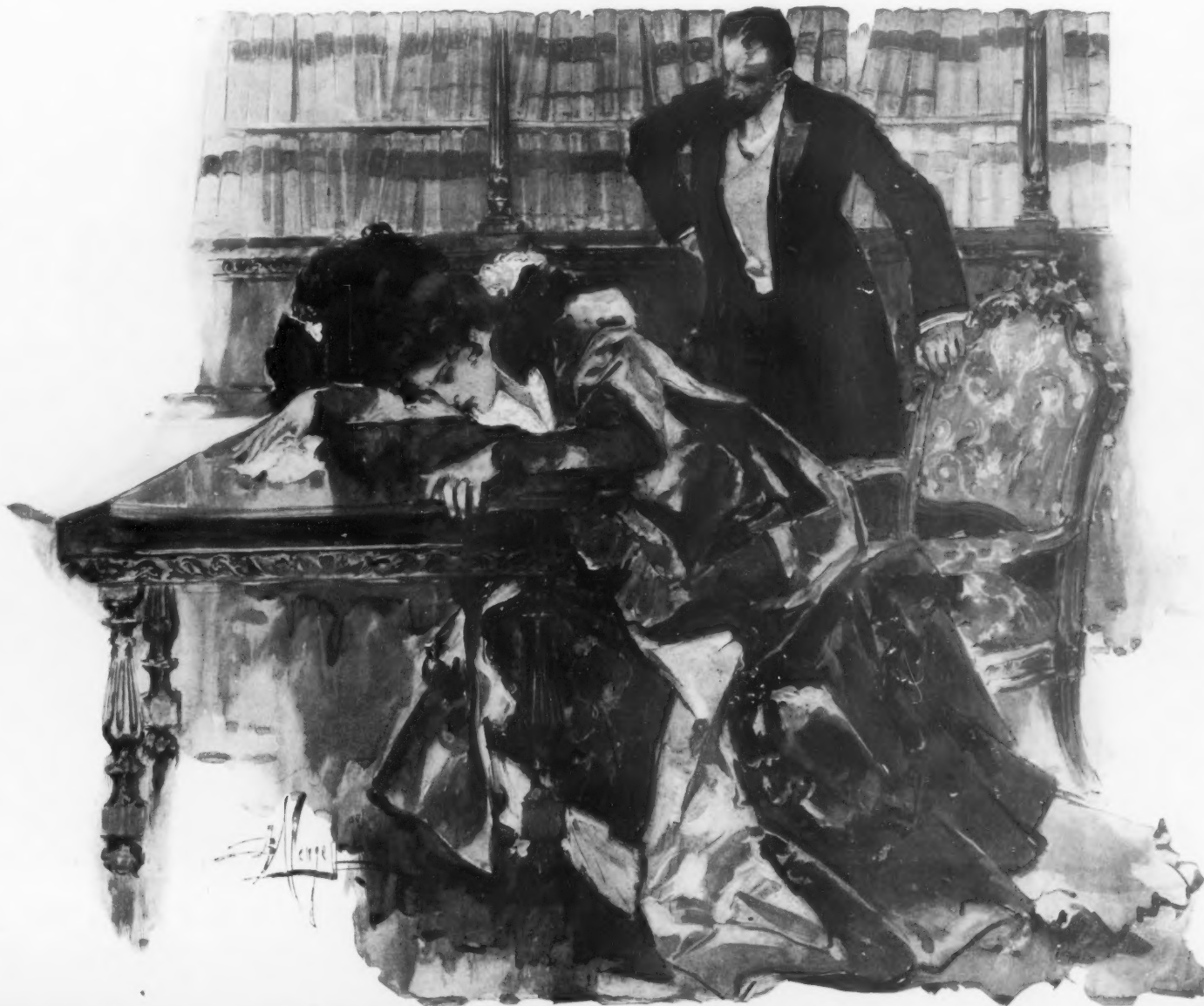
It lies like a central spider in a cobweb of little streets, and is connected with the main thoroughfares by narrow lanes which have iron posts across their entrances—relics of the troublous times when it was necessary to chain back the mob. One might read the story of papal Rome in the great volume of the Piazza Navona alone, for truly the stones cry out.

One end of the Piazza is magnificent. There stands the Braschi Palace, now the office of the Ministry of the Interior, but still barred across its lower story. Against the wall of the Braschi leans the broken trunk of the Pasquin statue, whose glorious joints are father to half the great art of the world. Near to both stands the palace of the Pamphili, with the papal arms on its doorpost, and every stone of its structure cemented by the blood of the Pope who gave it to a Jezebel in the days of his strength, and was repaid on the day of his death by an insult to his dishonored corpse. Next to the Pamphili stands the Church of St. Agnes, built of splendid marbles; and down the middle of the Piazza there runs a line of three fountains, which culminate in an obelisk, on which a dove sits with the branch of promise in its bill.

But the deluge is rising again for all that, and out of the maze of streets beyond, where fruit-stalls stand on the pavement, where the washing is suspended from the windows, and where bird-cages hang on the walls, there is surging up from the other end of the Navona a wave of indistinguishable edifices—shops, cafés, arches, apartment-houses—sweeping away one by one the old Roman palaces, with their broken columns, broken capitals, broken statuary, and broken water-troughs, as well as the creeping moss and trailing vine which have tried for centuries to cover their gorgeous ruin.

In one of these modern structures, an apartment-house nearly opposite to the obelisk and the church, David Rossi had lived during the seven years since he became Member of Parliament for Rome. The ground floor is a Trattoria, half eating-house and half wine-shop, with rude frescoes on its distempered walls, representing the Bay of Naples, and Vesuvius in eruption. A passage running by the side of the Trattoria leads to the apartments overhead, and at the foot of the staircase there is a porter's lodge, a closet always lighted by lamplight, and burning down the dark passage day and night, like a bloodshot eye.

In this lodge lived a veteran Garibaldian, in his red shirt



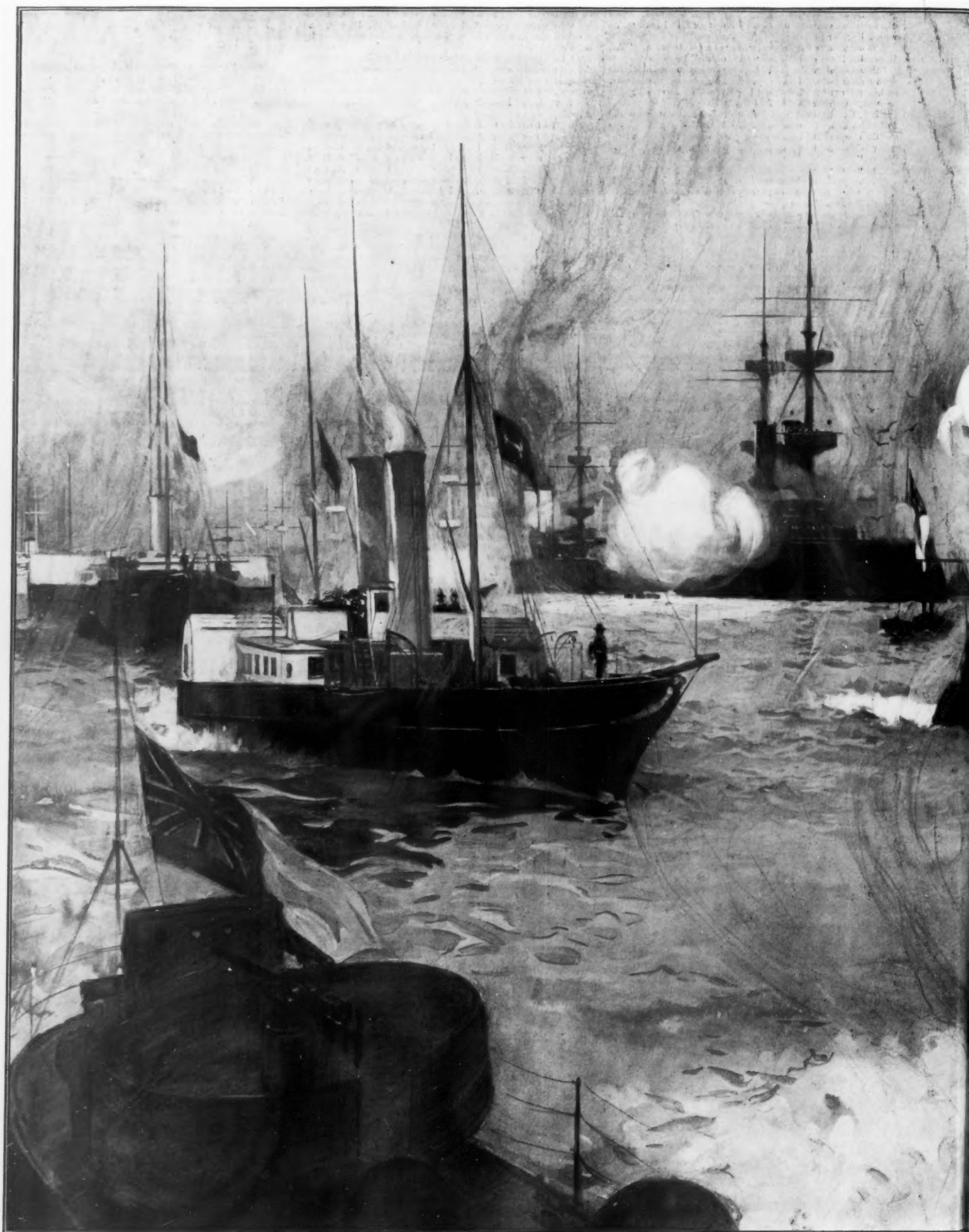
SHE THREW HERSELF INTO A CHAIR . . . AND HID HER FACE ON THE TABLE

THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA" BEARING THE QUEEN'S BODY

"MARS"

"PRINCE GEORGE"



THE ROYAL YACHT "ALBERTA" IN THE NAVAL PAC
FROM COWES TO PORTSMOUTH THROUGH THE L

DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL FROM DESCRIPTIVE

BATTLESHIP "MAJESTIC," THE FLAGSHIP OF THE CHANNEL SQUADRON, FLYING THE FLAG OF VICE-ADMIRAL SIR HARRY RAWSON



L PAGEANT CONVEYING THE BODY OF QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LANE OF BATTLESHIPS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY FIRST

SCRIPTIVE SKETCHES BY F. T. JANE, OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THE ETERNAL CITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

and pork-pie hat, with his old wife, wrinkled like a turkey, and wearing a red handkerchief over her head, fastened by a silver pin. David Rossi's apartments consisted of three rooms on the fourth floor, two to the front, the third to the back, and a lead flat opening out of them on to the roof.

In one of the front rooms on the afternoon of the Pope's Jubilee, a young woman sat knitting with an open book on her lap, while a boy of seven knelt by her side, and pretended to learn his lesson. She was a comely but timid creature, with liquid eyes and a soft voice, and he was a shock-headed little giant, like the cub of a young lion.

"Go on, Joseph," said the woman, pointing with her knitting-needle to the line on the page. "And it came to pass . . ."

But Joseph's little eyes were peering first at the clock on the mantel-piece, and then out at the window and down the square.

"Didn't you say they were to be here at two, mamma?"

"Yes, dear. Mr. Rossi was to be liberated immediately, and papa, who ran home with the good news, has gone back to fetch him."

"Oh! And it came to pass afterward that he loved a woman in the Valley of Sorek, whose name was Delilah. . ."

But, mamma—?

"Yes, dear?"

"Why did the police put Uncle David in prison?"

"Because he is a good man, dear, and loves the people."

"Oh!"

"Go on, Joseph. And the lords of the Philistines. . ."

"And the lords of the Philistines came up unto her, and said unto her, Entice him and see wherein his great strength lieth. . ."

But, mamma, didn't you say the police put people in prison for doing wrong?"

"Go on with your lesson, Joseph. You've made me lose the place. Where were we? And she made him sleep. . ."

"And she made him sleep upon her knees, and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head. . ."

But, mamma, he hasn't got his head shaved off in the picture."

The big-headed cub rolled up and over to the window to look again at a theatrical poster on a neighboring boarding, representing Samson, blind and helpless, in the house of his enemies.

"Joseph, you are very naughty to-day. Didn't you promise to learn your lesson if I allowed you to read about Samson out of Uncle Rossi's Bible?"

But at that moment there came a knock at the door, whereupon the boy uttered a cry of delight, and with a radiant face went plunging and shouting out of the room.

"Uncle David! It's Uncle David!"

The tumultuous voice rolled like baby thunder through the apartment until it reached the door, and then it dropped to a dead silence.

"Who is it, Joseph?"

"A gentleman," said the boy.

II

IT WAS the fashionable young Roman with the watchful eyes and twirled-up mustache, who had stood by the old Frenchman's carriage in the Piazza of St. Peter.

"Pardou me, madam," he said. "I wish to speak with Mr. Rossi. I bring him an important message from abroad. He is coming along with the people, but to make sure of an interview I hurried ahead. May I wait?"

"Certainly! Come in, sir! You say he is coming? Yes? Then he is free?"

The woman's liquid eyes were glistening visibly, and the man's watchful ones seemed to notice everything.

"Yes, madam, he is free. I saw him arrested, and I also saw him set at liberty."

"Really? Then you can tell me all about it? That's good! I have heard so little of all that has happened, and my boy and I have not been able to think of anything else. Sit down, sir!"

"As the police were taking him to the station-house in the Borgo," said the stranger, "the people made an attempt to rescue him, and it seemed as if they must certainly have succeeded if it had not been for his own intervention."

"He stopped them, didn't he? I'm sure he stopped them!"

"He did. The Delegate had given his three warnings, and the Brigadier was on the point of ordering his men to fire, when the prisoner threw up his hands before the crowd."

"I knew it! Well?"

"Brothers," he said, "let no blood be shed for my sake. Let no mother be made childless, no child fatherless, no wife a widow! We are in God's hands. Go home!"

"How like him! And then, sir?"

"Then the crowd broke up like a bubble, and the officer who was in charge of him uncovered his head. 'Room for the Honorable Rossi!' he cried, and the prisoner went into the prison."

The liquid eyes were running over by this time, and the soft voice was trembling: "You say you saw him set at liberty?"

"Yes! I was in the public service myself until lately, so they allowed me to enter the police-station, and when the order came for the release I was present and heard all."

"Deputy," said the officer, "I have the honor to inform you that you are free. 'But before I go I must say something,' said the Deputy. 'My only orders are that you are to be set at liberty,' said the officer. 'Nevertheless, I must see the Minister,' said Mr. Rossi. But the crowd had pressed in and surrounded him, and in a moment the flood had carried him into the street, with shouts and cheers and the waving of hats and a whirlwind of enthusiasm. And now he is being drawn by force through the city in a mad, glad, wild procession."

"But he deserves it all, and more—far, far more!"

The stranger looked at the woman's beaming eyes, and said, "You are not his wife—are you?"

"Oh, no! I'm only the wife of one of his friends," she answered.

"But you live here?"

"We live in the rooms above—the rooms on the roof."

"Perhaps you keep house for the Deputy?"

"Yes—that is to say—yes, we keep house for Mr. Rossi."

"Of course you admire him very much?"

"Nobody could help doing that, sir. He is so good, so unselfish. In fact, he is perfect—he really hasn't a fault. He is—"

She stopped, for something in the man's look arrested her. "May I ask what your husband's name is?"

"Bruno Rocco, and when I say he is Mr. Rossi's friend, sir, you must not think I presume. Perhaps it was the way they met first that made them such close comrades. They met in prison."

"In prison?"

"I mean the military prison. Mr. Rossi had been called up for military service, and had refused to do it, so they had sent him to the Castle for punishment. At last they ordered the strait-waistcoat, and kept him for forty-eight hours in pain and suffering like Christ. He never uttered a word or a moan, but the soldier who had been set to torture him—it was Bruno, I've heard him tell the story—he went to the Captain and he said: 'Captain, I can't do this work any longer. 'Can't you, now?' said the Captain, taunting him. 'Then perhaps you can do the other man's work instead?' 'Give it to me if you like,' said Bruno; 'I'm willing, and by God I'll bear it better than my own.'"

"And did they?"

"They did, sir, and Bruno and Mr. Rossi were side by side. Their trouble didn't last long, though. It got known outside, and there was a great agitation, and that liberated both of them."

"Somebody inside the Castle must have told the story?"

"I did—I was laundress in the barracks then, sir, but I had to leave after that, and mother and father, who had lived there all their lives, were turned out too. It didn't matter in the end, though. I married Bruno shortly afterward and we came to keep house for Mr. Rossi, and then he persuaded the Padrone to take father as porter in the lodge below."

At that moment the room, which had been gloomy, was suddenly lighted by a shaft of sunshine, and there came from some unseen place a musical noise like the rippling of waters in a waterfall.

"It's the birds," said the woman, and she threw open a window that was also a door and led to a flat roof on which some twenty or thirty canaries were piping and shrilling their little swollen throats in a gigantic bird-cage.

"Mr. Rossi's?"

"Yes, and he is fond of animals also—dogs and cats and rabbits and squirrels—especially squirrels."

"Squirrels?"

"He has a white one in a cage on the roof now. But he is not like some people who love animals—he loves children, too. He loves all children, and as for Joseph—"

"The little boy who cried 'Uncle David' at the door?"

"Yes, sir. One day Bruno said 'Uncle David' to Mr. Rossi, and he has been Uncle David to my little Joseph ever since."

"Your husband and Mr. Rossi are not very much alike, though, are they?"

"They're as different as can be, sir—different in everything. Bruno never wore a collar, not to speak of a dress coat, while Mr. Rossi is the gentleman through and through. Then Bruno is manly and human and kindly, and though they call him an anarchist, the only explosions he makes are explosions of laughter, but he is a terrible fighter for all that, and he wouldn't shrink from any insult he could hurl at a foe, whereas Mr. Rossi—"

"Yes?"

"Mr. Rossi is hasty and passionate, but he couldn't hate his worst enemy, and when they hurl their insults at him—'They hurt nobody but myself,' he says."

"Meaning by that?"

"That he has no wife and child to make him feel them tenfold. There's one person he can never forgive, though."

"Who is that?"

"Himself; and if he thought he had done anybody an injury he would walk barefoot to every basilica in the city."

Her cheeks were flushed and her timid eyes were brave and brilliant, like the eyes of one who looks on the sun at its setting and finds it bigger and brighter and more glorious than it is for the vapor of the earth through which he sees it.

"This is the dining-room, no doubt?" said the stranger in his chilling voice.

"Unfortunately, yes, sir."

"Why unfortunately?"

"Because there is the hall, and here is the table, and there's not even a curtain between, and the moment the door is opened he is exposed to everybody. People know it, too, and they take advantage. He would give the chicken off his plate if he hadn't anything else. I have to scold him a little sometimes—I can't help it. And as for father, he says he has doubled his days in purgatory for the lies he tells, turning people away."

"That will be his bedroom, I suppose," said the stranger, indicating a door which the boy had passed through.

"No, sir, his sitting-room. This is where he receives his colleagues in Parliament, and his fellow-journalists, and his voters and printers and so forth. Come in, sir."

The walls were covered with portraits of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, Lincoln, Washington, and Cromwell, and the room, which had been furnished originally with chairs covered in chintz, was loaded with incongruous furniture.

"Joseph, you've been naughty again! My little boy is all for being a porter, sir. He has got the butt-end of his father's fishing-rod, you see, and torn his handkerchief into shreds to make a tassel for his nace." Then with a sweep of the arm, "All presents, sir. He gets presents from all parts of the world. The piano is from England, but nobody plays, so it is never opened; the books are from Germany, and the bronze is from France, but the strangest thing of all, sir, is this."

"A phonograph?"

"It was most extraordinary. A week ago a cylinder came from the Island of Elba."

"Elba? From some prisoner perhaps?"

"A dying man's message," Mr. Rossi called it. "We must save up for an instrument to reproduce it, Sister," he said. But, behold you, the very next day the carriers brought the phonograph."

"And then he reproduced the message?"

"I don't know—I never asked. He often turns on a cylinder to amuse the boy, but I never knew him to try that one. This is the bedroom, sir—you may come in."

It was a narrow room, very bright and lightsome, with its white counterpane, white bed curtains, and white veil over the looking glass to keep it from the flies.

"How sweet!" said the stranger.

"It would be but for these," said the woman, and she pointed to the other end of the room, where a desk stood between two windows, amid heaps of unopened newspapers, which lay like herrings as they fell from the herring net.

"I presume this is a present also?" said the stranger. He had taken from the desk a dagger with a lapis lazuli handle, and was trying its edge on his finger-nail.

"Yes, sir, and he has turned it to account as a paper-knife. A six-chambered revolver came yesterday, but he had no use for that, so he threw it aside, and it lies under the newspapers."

"And who is this?" said the stranger. He was looking at a faded picture in an ebony frame which hung by the side of the bed. It was the portrait of an old man with a beautiful forehead and a patriarchal face.

"Some friend of Mr. Rossi's in England, I think."

"An English photograph, certainly, but the face seems to me Roman for all that. Ah, this is English enough, though," said the stranger. He had taken from its nail a similar picture, half hidden by the bed curtain. It was a small framed manuscript, such as in old times devout persons drew up as a covenant with God, and kept constantly beside them.

"He loves England, sir, and is never tired of talking of its glory and greatness. He loves its language, too, and writes all his private papers in English, I believe."

At that moment a thousand lusty voices burst on the air, as a great crowd came pouring out of the narrow lanes into the broad piazza. At the same instant the boy shouted from the adjoining room, and another voice that made the walls vibrate came from the direction of the door.

"They're coming! It's my husband! Bruno!" said the woman, and the ripple of her dress told the stranger she had gone.

He stood where she left him, with the little ebony picture in his hand; and while the people in the street sang the Garibaldi hymn, and came marching to the tune of it, he read the words that were written in English under the cover of the glass:

"From what am I called?
From the love of riches, the love of honor, the love of home, and the love of woman."

"To what am I called?
To poverty, to purity, to obedience, to the worship of God, and the service of humanity."

"Why am I called?
Because it has pleased the Almighty to make me friendless, homeless, a wanderer, an exile, without father or mother, sister or brother, kith or kin."

"Hoping my heart deceives me not, with fear and trembling I sign my unworthy name,
"D. L.—London."

III

LAUGHING, crying, cheering, chaffing, singing, David Rossi's people had brought him home in triumph, and now they were crowding upon him to kiss his hand, the big-hearted, baby-headed, beloved Italian children.

The object of this aurora of worship stood with his back to the table in the dining-room, looking down and a little ashamed, while Bruno, six feet three in his stockings, hoisted the boy on to his shoulder, and shouted as from a tower of babel to everybody as he entered by the door:

"Come in, sonny, come in! Don't stand there like the Pope between the devil and the deep sea. Come in among the people," and Bruno's laughter rocked through the room to where the crowd stood thick on the staircase. "We've given them a dose to-day, haven't we? Old Angelilli looked as green as a grasshopper. See him? He meant to pour the entire penal code on the master, and accuse him of every crime in Christendom. Robbing a safe, high treason, high fiddlestick, and Heaven knows what! Tenfold sentence to death, loss of all rights in this world and the next, and the scaffold swindled because he has only one head to sweep off."

"The Baron has had a lesson, too," said a man with a sheet of white paper in his hand. "He dreamed of getting the Order of the Assumption out of this."

"The pig dreamed of acorns," said Bruno.

"But he knows now that government by chief of police won't work as well as government by Parliament."

"If a man brings wolves into the house with the children he must expect to hear them cry," said Bruno.

"It's a lesson to the Church as well," said the man with the paper. "She wouldn't have anything to do with us. 'I alone strike the hour of the march,' says the Church."

"And then she stands still!" said Bruno.

"The mountains stand still, but men are made to walk," said the man with the paper, "and if the Pope doesn't advance with the people, the people must advance without the Pope."

"The Pope's all right, sonny," said Bruno, "but what does he know about the people? Only what his black-gowned beetles tell him!"

"The Pope has no wife and children," said the man with the paper.

"Old Vampire could find him a few," said Bruno, and then there was general laughter.

"Brothers," said David Rossi, "let us be temperate. There's nothing to be gained by playing battledore and shuttlecock with the name of an old man who has never done harm to any one. The Pope hasn't listened to us

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

WASHINGTON LETTER

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 9)

erous heart and in his agile seizure of the opportunity to effect a compromise in a trying moment Mr. Teller got us into a most awkward scrape, one which is going to tax our ingenuity and perhaps strain our consciences a little to get out of.

It is the intention of President McKinley to send to Congress a special message concerning the latest phases of the Cuban problem—either to the present Congress or to an extraordinary session of the next Congress. Whether or not he will make a specific recommendation to the national legislators remains to be seen; but if he has the courage to voice his real desires he will ask Congress to adopt a joint resolution declaring that in its opinion a stable and enduring government cannot be secured in Cuba till the relations to exist between the island and the United States shall have been formulated, and that until such relations shall have been formulated, in a satisfactory manner the military occupation of the United States should not be withdrawn. The prediction is made by those competent to judge the temper of Congress that if the President does make such a recommendation as this Congress will respond to it; for there can be no doubt that public opinion and Congressional opinion are fast rising to the notion that the Teller compromise must not lead us into a second blunder, and that while we must keep the spirit of that compromise pledge by giving Cuba full independence as to all domestic concerns, we must not, in justice to our own interests, permit her to set up as a sovereign international state with the United States holding no more check over her than any other nation has.

A SPECIAL SESSION OF CONGRESS

At this writing the prevailing impression is that a special session of the new Congress is wellnigh inevitable, though an unexpected delay in the appearance here of the Cuban constitution would greatly change the outlook; for it is this Cuban question, and this alone, that now appears to press toward an extraordinary meeting of the national legislature. The President is as determined as ever that Congress, having by its compromise got him into this trouble and tied his hands, shall take at least its fair share of the responsibility of finding a way out. Indeed, so slow is the United States Senate in the transaction of important business, so prone is it to pile everything up to the very end of a session, and so vast and complicated are the questions now demanding the attention of our statesmen, the probabilities are that at least for some years to come virtually continuous sessions of Congress will be necessary. Whereat all Washington, particularly the Washington of hotel-keeping, boarding-houses and tradesmen, will loudly rejoice. Whatever special sessions of the national legislature may be to the remainder of the country, to the denizens of this capital city they are always warmly welcome.

BLOCKING LEGISLATION

In every big parliamentary struggle in the Senate such as the one we have just had over the Shipping Subsidy bill there arises a demand for cloture or the previous question in that body. The country thinks it absurd that an American legislative body, supposed to embody the genius of our people and their methods, should worry alone year after year with the antiquated system which now prevails—a system under which a few determined men may block all public business by the simple device of making enough speeches to consume the time. But this demand comes altogether from without the Senate and rarely is anything heard of it within the sacred walls. The United States Senate is the most peculiar legislative body on earth, and one must give it years of study fully to understand it. The absence of cloture or previous question, the inability of the majority to bring discussion to an end and to secure a vote by parliamentary motion under the rules, instead of being considered an evil and drawback, is the very pride of the Senate. Every true Senator—every man who has been in his seat long enough to have imbibed the Senatorial spirit—considers this absence of cloture the glory and crown of the "most dignified legislative body the world ever saw." For a century or so there has been no cloture in the Senate, and there is not likely to be cloture for a century more. Our House of Lords is wedded to its idols.

MORE JUNKETS TO THE PHILIPPINES

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin says it is still his purpose to move a Congressional investigation of the situation in the Philippines. Notwithstanding the voluminousness of the report recently sent in by the Taft Commission, Senators are not satisfied. They say they need much more information before approaching the serious business of permanent legislation for the archipelago. Temporary authority to the President to set up civil government and to

grant franchises and open mines they do not so much object to, because development of the country and improvement of the political conditions are imperatively needed. But from this to an ultimate solution of the Philippine problem is a far cry. No man in his senses would attempt that upon the information now at hand. The idea, therefore, is to send out a committee this summer and to have from them next winter data and conclusions of great importance upon which permanent legislation may be based. The trouble is to find Senators and Representatives who are willing to give up their summer trips and hie them to the tropics on a mission of public duty. It is also suspected that the Administration is opposed to the suggested Congressional inquiry, and deems itself quite competent, through its Taft Commission and its military officers, to afford Congress all the light it may need. If a special session of Congress be called it will be almost impossible to get statesmen to go to the Philippines; so the Administration may have its way about the matter, after all.

LOOTING THE U. S. TREASURY

Representative Cannon, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, is now engaged in his annual struggle to prevent Congress emptying the Treasury. Already the appropriations are mounting up to colossal figures. They exceed a billion and a half for the two years covered by the present Congress, and Mr. Cannon, who is the new "watchdog of the Treasury," is afraid they may climb much nearer the two billion mark. "I have never seen such a Congress as this," said the watchdog recently; "it appears to be willing to vote millions upon the slightest pretext for any Tom, Dick or Harry scheme that comes along. The worst of it is the boys have an organization among themselves; they stand together, they log-roll or help one another, and all my preachings and warnings are whistled down the wind. God help the surplus!" The country is fortunate in having at the head of its appropriation committees two such men as Senator Allison and Mr. Cannon, economists both, and men of high character and great powers of resistance. Between them, during their long careers, they have saved Uncle Sam hundreds and hundreds of millions. What tales they could tell of schemers, speculators, lobbyists, and complacent Senators and Representatives!

Sixteen or seventeen hundred millions in a couple of years are the stupendous figures which tell what a great nation this has grown to be. It seems only a few days ago that some one taunted Tom Reed with the fact that the Fifty-first Congress, in which he was Speaker and McKinley the Republican leader on the floor of the House, had appropriated a billion dollars for the expenses of the government, eliciting the famous retort:

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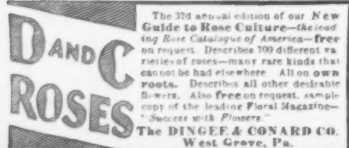


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Round the Hearth

THE WIVES OF BUSINESS MEN

THERE is something wrong with an elderly woman who has not acquired during her fifty or sixty years of life the accomplishment of scolding effectively. Any one can flatter, and most people grow mellow and lenient with advancing years, but those who have the courage to find fault are the real benefactors.

The people who just now ought to be scolding are the mothers of young married women, and the people to be scolded among the young married women are the wives of business men. A more neglected set of human beings than these same business men it would be hard to find.

I am not dealing with the commercial princes who can afford to make their surroundings respond to their tastes, but with the modest toiler whose financial advance depends upon his savings and whose relaxations ought to be found in his home. My heart goes out to him because he has expected happiness and he has only acquired responsibilities.

Here is the usual story. The son of an old-fashioned mother, whose life has been spent in taking care of her family and making her house orderly, comes to one of our large cities to engage in business and tries to live as cheaply as he can in a boarding-house, or, if he is better off and a little higher in the social grade, by taking lodgings and living at his club. It all seems delightfully independent till a few days of illness confine him to his bed and he then has as genuine a case of homesickness as a boy at boarding-school.

Next, his clothes begin to give him trouble; new things wear out with shocking rapidity when there is no one to put in the saving stitch. Shirts melt under the washing powders of the laundry, winter clothes serve each season to fatten moths, and flannels shrink to the size for a boy, and our young man remembers that at home these things did not happen. "The pies that mother used to make" may be very funny as an advertisement, but I am sure they are a pathetic memory to many a young man in our town to-day.

By and by his prospects brighten, and he feels himself rich enough to take life more easily—more luxuriously—and then ambition takes a feminine shape and he marries under the impression that he is going to find all the housewifely virtues of his mother united to the beauty and grace and modern charm of the girl of his choice; while the girl thinks she is going to have all the fun of her unmarried days with an added importance.

Few young women know anything practical about housekeeping; they sew worse than charity children, and as for tidiness, they do not know the meaning of the word. If you could go through their apartments and houses, I am sure that in nine out of ten you would find the closets and drawers in a state of disgusting disorder, the weekly wash unmade, and the presiding spirit absent at a matinee, or simply gadding for pleasure, but certainly not at home attending to her business.

The feminine taste for shopping is a menace to married felicity. To buy with judgment what is necessary may take time and several visits to different shops, but it is not at the counters where house linen and plain clothing are found that the women swarm like bees; it is rather where luxuries of dress, out of all proportion to their income, are sold as bargains.

In the matter of underclothing, while a lavish supply of simple durable body linen is a self-respecting provision much to be encouraged, one finds in our shops a comparatively poor assortment of tasteful plain things, while the flimsy beribboned garments, trimmed with cheap imitation lace, are supplied with a profusion which proves the nature of the demand. This taste for fine clothes is increasing alarmingly among our women. Little can be saved when the wife wears the furs and jewels and rich costumes of a millionaire. I wonder there are enough wild animals left on the earth to furnish furs for the women of New York.

Then the babies come. Not as plentifully, nor in as rapid succession, as in the time of our great-grandmothers, but the American family averages five, including the father and mother. That is, the parents replace themselves and throw in an extra child in case of accident! Three children add greatly to the family expenses and to the necessity of self-denial and care on the part of the parents. If the father is fond of his children the burden is a light one, but in many cases he sees little of them; his working hours begin early and end late, and he is made aware of them chiefly through his wife's delicate health, for modern

women find themselves quite unequal to the demands of motherhood.

In the winter the family is reasonably united, but with the first intimation of spring comes the question of getting the children out of town. According to the family means, a cottage at a watering-place or accommodation in some hotel or boarding-house is secured, and by the middle of June the town house is in charge of an incompetent caretaker and our poor bread-winner is allowed to scramble through six days of the week as well as he can, and on Saturday he must fight his way by overcrowded boat or train to spend Sunday with his family. It may be refreshing, but usually the good effect is more than overbalanced by the anxiety about catching the earliest train Monday morning and the depression of returning to loneliness and work. If the female head of the family were forced to face such discomfort the community would be filled with her wails. Men, however, are supposed to like it, and the funny papers and farces at the theatres are made more humorous by the opportunities thus afforded to husbands to return to the indiscretions with which bachelor days seem always to be accredited.

I am sure men do not like it. For a few weeks any change is bearable, even a change for the worse; but after that time the lonely streets and shut-up houses intensify the forsaken feeling, and a man begins to regard himself as almost as forlorn an object as the vagrant street cat who has been turned out of kitchen luxury to starve in the gutter. If the man does find amusement in his club, he is quite within his rights; if his amusements are not so defensible, then it behooves his wife to ask herself how far she is responsible for the evil.

The wife may say, "Am I to keep young children shut up in the torrid heat of the town for a whole summer, and see them lose health and strength in order to keep an able-bodied man from being lonely?" And I answer, "For most of the summer, yes. The town is neither so hot as you think nor the children so delicate, and the necessity for going away is quite as much because your neighbors set the example as because the children require the change."

During a New York summer we have from four to six weeks of extreme heat which is trying to any one, and much more so to young children, and during that time parents of sufficient means may justly feel that they should give their children the refreshment of country life; but two weeks of the time might include the man's holiday and the other weeks be cut down to what is absolutely necessary. The town house or apartment can be prepared for summer and made to look cool and attractive, and the servants retained, at no greater outlay than the long absence of the mistress entails. If the children are really delicate, then it would be better for the parents to sacrifice their metropolitan habitation and move permanently to the suburbs, where their home can be a permanent one all the year round.

Some lovers of high ideals may object to the position which I have taken in regard to my family man, arguing that so speedily a backsliding would imply a weakness of moral fibre which sooner or later would land the man on a downward path, no matter how vigilant the wife or attractive the home. That no moral obligations weigh with him who is not a law to himself. It is like "the little pitted speck in garnered fruit." "It is not worth the keeping, let it go."

This has not been my experience of life. The sweetest characters are often lacking in will power; why subject them to temptation? The road to dissipation lies through such pleasant fields of good comradeship and merrymaking that it is hard to believe it ends in the Slough of Despond, and I contend that many may stray along its windings through mere wantonness who might have been saved as good and useful men to their families and their country if only the right kind of woman had touched their hearts and directed their lives. ELIZABETH DUEK.

THE PERSONAL LIVES OF GREAT PEOPLE

WE ARE apt to imagine that great personages have very different lives from those which we lead in our comfortable obscurity; that they are as magnificent in the ordering of their daily routine as when they appear in the splendor of regal robes and flashing decorations to carry forward some public function. The probability is that kings, queens and titled people in general really live no more luxuriously than the commonality, when the latter have wealth, refinement and leisure. For all men and women of advanced civilization the

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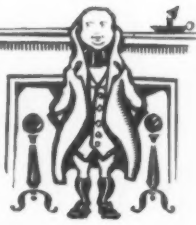
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Edited by Margaret E Sangster



essentials of ordinary convenience are the same: the daily bath, the frequent change of raiment, the pleasure of trained service, the opportunities for solitude on occasion, for travel at discretion, and for agreeable society. Alike the people of the higher classes everywhere form a sort of unnamed but very easily recognized caste, the cult of which is freedom from provincialism and a liberal education. The family life of the great may be surrounded with a few more formalities, but at bottom it is not hedged in by barriers much more exclusive than those which are erected by every gentleman and gentlewoman about the simplest home.

In reading of the death-bed of Queen Victoria, and following the story of the mourning for her by her own kindred, her tenantry and servants, one is impressed by the common human sympathy of the scenes and the hour, and reminded that death everywhere signifies loss, readjustment and grief. As in any other home, the bereft took their final look at the frozen features of the dead, and as elsewhere the hand of affection reverently strewed flowers over the lifeless clay. Only in accidental circumstances, in grandeur of naval procession by sea and military display on land, in national lamentation and world-wide respect, and in last honors munificently paid, did the funeral of a great lady and queen stand apart from that of any plain little mother laid softly to rest in the last bed of earth.

Queens and empresses, or teachers toiling in the classroom, women of sumptuous homes or laundresses leaving babies at the Day Nursery, whatever our social extremes, we share similar needs, and must have our toast and tea, our breakfast and supper, our day's wage after the day's work, in some manner or shape. Of most of us it is true that "whether we serve in the Highlands or the Lowlands, we have a soldier's pay" at last. Great people are often very inexact in their demands, and require very little in their own persons, asking recognition for their quality and state rather than for themselves.

The most difficult people to satisfy are those who are not sure of their position, the illiterate whom the whirligig of time has elevated to the ranks of the learned, the boorish who cannot be urbane, and the fools who are slow of heart to grasp what they ought to know. "Weep for a fool," says the Wisdom of Solomon, "for understanding hath failed him." No people are so hopelessly vulgar as those who have never suspected their vulgarity, and none are so determined on receiving more than their due of attention as those who are inwardly unfitted for any attention whatever.

In good society, and this is true the world over, the higher one climbs, the simpler, lovelier and more attractive are the women, the knightlier, more chivalrous and more deferential the men. If we sometimes discover flaws in such society, it is because it has been monopolized by veneered and not by real people.

THE MARKET WOMEN OF CHILI

At Concepcion, Chili, is an extensive market-place which occupies a large building in the centre of the town and has for some time been an object of interest there. The building is a great square, inside of which are long tables arranged in pairs, piled high with fruit and vegetables and presided over by the market women. These women are of all ages, from the bright-eyed girls of twelve or fifteen, with red poppies in their hair, to the old women smoking cigarettes and drinking matte through long straws out of queerly shaped little vessels of earthenware. Most of the women have their children with them, and the youngest are fastened under the tables with the dogs or cats, and the extra supply of produce for sale. At either side of the long tables are long alleys formed by women squatting in lines with chickens and eggs, others with shoes and small dry-goods wares, such as handkerchiefs, beads, combs and glass jewelry. Around the sides are meat markets, fish markets and bakeries; in the stalls of the latter one finds queer hard, oval-shaped pones, flat rolls and round hard biscuits.

The doorways and entrances of the market are lined with women squatting by baskets of grapes and lemons, or hanging over small trays of mixtures of meats and meats which are served in round black cups and apparently eaten with great relish by the marketers. And there are women at the doors fling off the burned edges of the hard rolls, and others cooking cakes that have the appearance of our crullers and are served to you in plates with a sauce of a thick black syrup.

Behind the counters the women smoke and chew, gossip and make tea; now and then they sew and knit, but for the most part the Chilean women prefer to be idle. They visit from stall

to stall when not busy, taste each other's wares, and in pleading voices they beg the visitor to buy their goods. The busiest time in the day is early in the morning, from five until seven—the time in which the housewives and servants come wrapped in their black mantillas and with their market-baskets on their arms to get their supplies for the day. Then is there a clatter and hubbub, of the drivers of oxen, in their great ponchos and sombreros, bringing in the fresh fruits from the country to the stalls; of the market women calling out their wares; of the housewives bargaining for the lowest price, and, added to this, perhaps, the crying of the baby in the stall, the squeaking of the chickens, the chattering of the parakeets, which are to be found at every stall, and the monotonous droning whine of the beggar. The chief articles for sale are the grapes, which are firm, sweet and cheap; the lemons, loquats, pomegranates, pineapples, watermelons, muskmelons, corn, tomatoes, potatoes, teas, breads, meats and sweetmeats.

Until breakfast-time, which is eleven o'clock, the women are kept busy attending to their sales, but during the long hot afternoons there is little to do but nod and talk, look after the crying babies or sell to chance purchasers. So the women sit idle and dream dreams that perhaps make their eyes so large and soft, for pretty girls are as numerous as the grapes on the well-filled bunches, and even the old women have pretty eyes. At six o'clock the market is closed and they all go home, where they roll themselves up in their blankets and sleep until the light of another dawn tells them that another day has come and the market-place is open again.

VIRGINIA WOODSON FRAME.

A WOMAN OF FASHION

A WOMAN of fashion in the swiftly gliding weeks between the Holidays and Lent has little time to spare. Not to mention her box at the opera and her seat at the play, her social obligations are just now so numerous that life hurries her on at a breathless pace. She must rush from morning concert to luncheon, from luncheon to teas and receptions galore, she has dinner engagements for almost every day, and the demands of dress, of late hours and of incessant flittings rapidly use up her vitality. Yet she knows how to conserve her forces and to rest, and at the end of the season she is far from looking wan and jaded. When one may sleep as late as she likes in the morning, and drive, wrapped in furs, in the crisp wintry air after a leisurely breakfast, and, on the whole, do very much as she pleases, she retains her youthful air and her beauty long undimmed. It is the vain effort to be two or more things at once, to be a woman of fashion and a domestic woman, a woman of clubs, of charities, of literary ambition, a patroness of genius, a friend of dumb animals and an omnivorous reader all in one which wears out womanhood. Nobody need wear out prematurely if she will be contented with the single rôle, even though that be an arduous one. In most lines we must deliberately elect what we will do and what we will leave undone; there is wisdom in mapping out the days and deciding what part we shall take in their course, and then in adhering to a prescribed line.

THE BIRTHDAY MONTH

FEBRUARY is pre-eminent in having two American birthdays to celebrate. As the years go by, the glory gathers more brightly around the tombs of dead statesmen, and we can hardly help the feeling that they are well out of it, when we see what living statesmen and patriots must settle in this day. Fortunately forever are the dead, with no more hard places to cross nor battles to fight, with banners and bugles and flowers to make pomp and pageant for their days and their memories. Washington's Birthday is very dear to school-children, and is rather a boon to the patriotic women who seek for occasions when they may hold feasts and brighten up the past, brushing away the moss and lichens from old tombs, and fanning the flames of love to our country on a thousand hearths.

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ONE RESULT of the widespread activity of the Woman's Clubs is that ladies have acquired the art of gracefully presiding at a meeting, guiding it with no uncertain hand, but in accordance with parliamentary rules and in deference to the assembled membership. It is a revelation of dignity, courtesy and good breeding to see some of the lady presidents take the chair at a State Federation, or any other important gathering of women whatever the occasion may be.

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READING THE FATAL BULLETIN IN THE PORTER'S LODGE

AT COWES AND OSBORNE PALACE DURING THE LAST HOURS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

THE ETERNAL CITY

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

to-day, but he is a saint all the same, and his life has been a lesson in well-doing."

"Anybody can sail with a fair wind, sir," said Bruno.

"What has happened to-day," said Rossi, "has convinced me that the people have no helper but God and no justice but His law. But let us be prudent. There's no need for violence, whether of the hand or of the tongue. That man is strongest who is strong through suffering and resignation. You've found that out this morning. If you had rescued me from the police, I should have been in prison again by this time, and God knows what else might have happened. I'm proud of your patience and forbearance; and now go home, boys, and God bless you."

"Stop a minute!" said the man with the paper. "Something to read before we go. While the Carabinieri kept Mr. Rossi in prison in the Borgo, the Committee of Direction met in a café and drew up a proclamation."

"Read it, Luigi," said David Rossi, and the man opened his paper and read:

"Having appealed in vain to Parliament and to the King against the wicked and tyrannical tax which the Government has imposed upon bread in order that the army and navy may be increased, and having appealed in vain to the Pope to intercede with the civil authorities, and call back Italy to its duty, it now behooves us, as a suffering and perishing people, to act on our own behalf. Unless annulled by royal decree, the tax will come into operation on the first of February next. On that day let every Roman remain indoors until an hour after Ave Maria. Let nobody buy so much as one loaf of bread, and let no bread be eaten, except such as you give to your children. Then at the first hour of night, let us meet in the Coliseum, tens of thousands of fasting people, of one mind and heart, to determine what it is our duty to do next, that our bread may be sure and our water may not fail."

"Good!" "Beautiful!" "Splendid!"

"Only wants the signature of the President," said the reader, and Bruno called for pen and ink.

"Before I sign it," said David Rossi, "let it be understood that none come armed. Is that a promise?"

"Yes," said several voices, and David Rossi signed the paper.

"And now, brothers," said Rossi, taking out of his breast-pocket the oblong notebook which he had used in the piazza, "while you were writing in the café I was writing in the cell, and since we have read our proclamation we will also read our creed and charter."

"Good!"

"I call it that because our enemies are telling us we don't know what we want or what we are doing. We are visionaries, dreamers, millenarians, and religious anarchists, and our vaporous hallucinations would hurry society to dissolution and death!"

"They don't understand our Latin," said Bruno.

"Time they did, Bruno," said Rossi, "and that's why I wrote this paper."

"Read it," cried many voices, and David Rossi opened his book and read:

"The Republic of Man. Our Creed and Charter. Our Charter is the Lord's Prayer!"

"Good again!" cried Bruno.

"They'll tell us we've got the sacred sickness, brothers, but we'll remind them that revolutions made in the name of interest, of politics, of parties and of imperialism always fail,

while revolutions made in the name of religion may drop back, but they never die until they have achieved their victory."

"God doesn't pay wages on Saturday, but he pays!" said Bruno, and then the company composed themselves to listen.

"The Lord's Prayer contains six clauses.

"Three of these clauses concern chiefly the spiritual life of man, the other three concern chiefly the temporal life of man."

"The Lord's Prayer says: *Our Father which art in Heaven.*"

"If God is the father of all men, all men are brothers, and as brothers all men are equal."

"Therefore, all authority arrogated by man over man is wrong. All government of man over man is wrong. Hence kings have no right to exist."

"If all men are brothers, all men should live as brothers. To live as brothers is to live in peace and concord."

"Therefore, all war between nation and nation is wrong. Hence armies have no right to exist. National frontiers have no right to exist. The national spirit which is called patriotism has no right to exist."

"The Lord's Prayer says, *Give us this day our daily bread.*"

"Our daily bread comes from the land. No man made the land. It is God's gift to mankind. It belongs to all men. Therefore, individual ownership of land is wrong. Individual control of the fruits of the land is wrong."

"The Lord's Prayer says, *Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.*"

"If we may pray *Thy Kingdom come*, we may expect it to come. If God's Kingdom is not to come on earth as it is in Heaven, if it is only a dream, the Lord's Prayer is a delusion, a cruel mockery, and a betrayal of the hearts and hopes of the human family!"

"Right!" "Good!" "Bravo!" "That will give them something to think about!" And the man who read the proclamation said, "The Church has spent centuries over the theology of the Lord's Prayer—time she began to think of its sociology also."

"That's our Charter as I see it, gentlemen," said David Rossi, "and now for the Creed we deduce from it."

"Hush! Silence!"

"We believe that the source of all right and all power is God."

"We believe that Government exists to secure to all men equally the natural rights to which they are born as sons of God."

"We believe that all governments must derive their power from the people governed."

"We believe that no artificial differences among men can constitute a basis of good government."

"We believe that when a government is destructive of the natural rights of man it is man's duty to destroy it."

"Bravo!" came in many voices, and there was some clapping of hands, but without the change of a tone David Rossi went on reading:

"We believe that all forms of violence are contrary to the spirit of God's law."

"Ah!"

"We believe that prayer and protest are the only weapons of warfare which humanity may use—prayer addressed to God, protest addressed to man."

"We believe that they are the most effectual weapons humanity has ever used against the evils of the World."

"We believe that they are the only weapons used or countenanced by Christ."

"We believe that where they do not take effect in themselves they take double effect in suffering."

"Ah!"

"We believe—"

"No!" "Yes!" "It's a long game though!" "Hush!"

"Go on, sir!"

"We believe that it is the duty of all men to use the Lord's Prayer, to believe in it, to live according to its light, and to protest against everything which is opposed to its teaching."

"We believe this is the only way man can help to bring to pass the Kingdom of God on earth as it is in Heaven."

"Therefore in the sure and certain hope of that kingdom—by the love we bear to the brothers whom God has given us—by the hate we feel for injustice and wrong—by the memory of the martyrs—by the sufferings of the people—we dedicate ourselves as subjects and servants of the Republic of Man."

"And to its Creed and Charter we hereto subscribe our names, in the name of Him who taught us to pray:

"Our Father which art in Heaven—"

"Hallowed be Thy name—"

"Thy Kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven—"

"Give us this day our daily bread—"

"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

"And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

"Amen!" said the company, fifty voices at once.

"That is our idea as I understand it," said David Rossi, "so I've signed my name to it, and those who agree with me may do the same. And as grand results may flow from trivial causes, the Republic of Man from this day forward will be a reality, and not a dream, watching parliaments, discussing measures, taking up the defence of prisoners and demanding justice for the oppressed, until without a throne or legal title it holds a sovereign power throughout the world, stronger than any sceptre on earth."

With that he tore out of his notebook a leaf covered on one side with the most delicate characters, and in a moment there was a movement toward the table.

"Great, sir! Great!" said the man who had read the proclamation. "They'll say we're setting up a new church, though."

"There's room for one between the Vatican and the Quirinal," said Bruno.

"A big church, too," said the man. "The church outside the churches."

"Old Vampire will have something else to think of besides his dear little Donna Romas when he gets hold of this," said somebody, and again there was general laughter.

As the men signed the paper they passed out of the apartment, laughing and talking, and their voices died off in drumming sounds down the staircase. When it came to Bruno's turn he put the boy to stand on the table.

"Here goes!" he said. "Every kick sends the ass on," and with his tongue in his cheek he signed his name in letters as shapeless as an old shoe.

There was only one man left. It was the fashionable young Roman with the watchful eyes and twirled-up mustache. He took up the pen last, and signed "Charles Minghetti."

David Rossi looked at him and read the name he had written. "For you, sir," said the young man, taking a letter from a pocket inside his waistcoat.

David Rossi opened the letter and read, "The bearer of this is one of ourselves. He has determined upon the accomplishment of a great act, and wishes to see you with respect to it."

"You come from London?"

"Yes, sir."

"You wish to speak to me?"

"I do."

"You may speak freely."

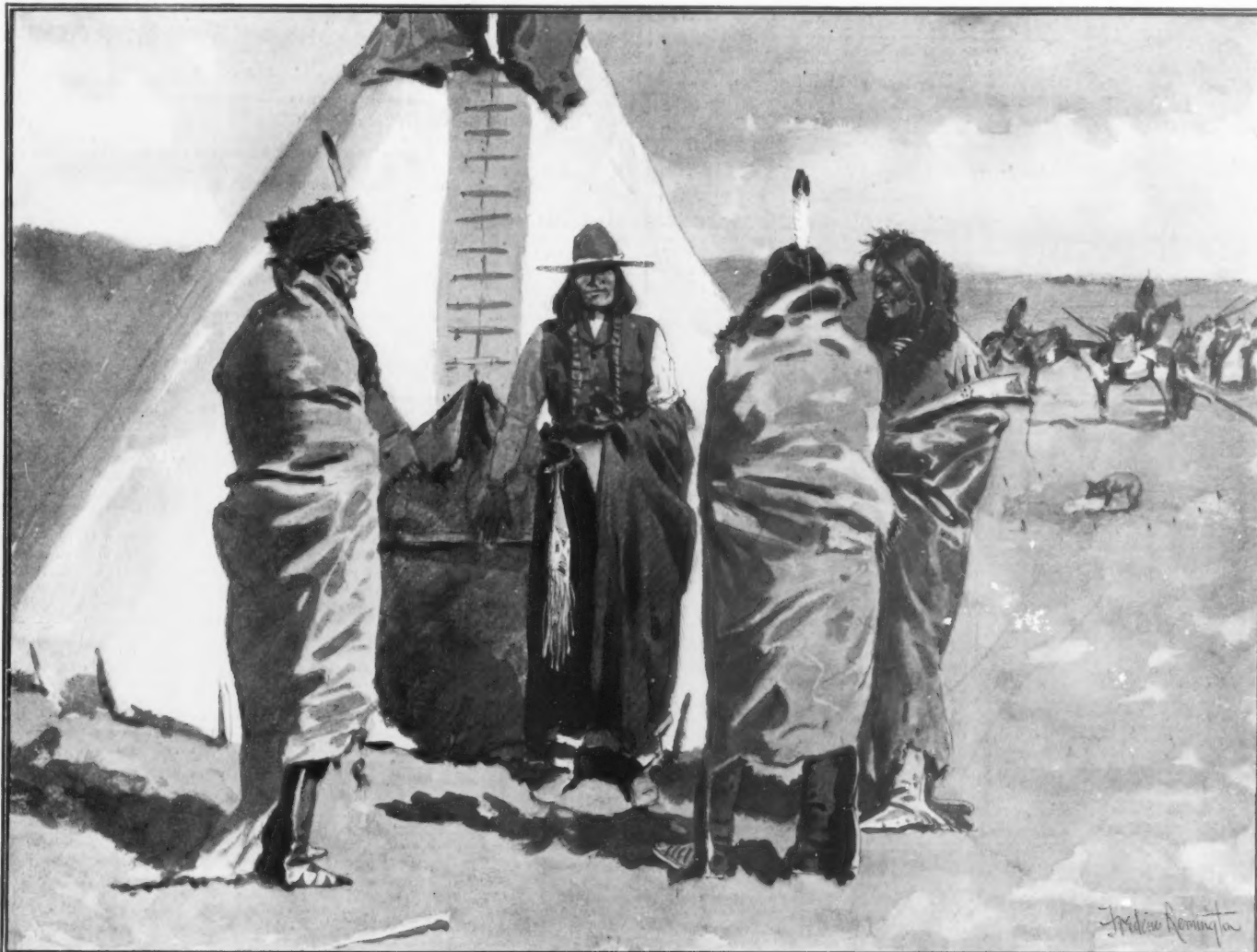
The young man glanced in the direction of Bruno, and of Bruno's wife, who stood beside him.

"It is a delicate matter, sir," he said.

"Come this way," said David Rossi, and he took the stranger into his bedroom.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

"THE FARMER GAVE ME A HEN. SHE IS SITTING . . . I CANNOT DISTURB HER"

YELLOW HORSE

By HAMLIN GARLAND, Author of "Main Travelled Roads," Etc., Etc.

YELLOW HORSE was grown to be an old man. He was one of the first of the She-an-nay to set his moccasin in the white man's path, and even the rude cowboys of the Canadian had to acknowledge that he was "a pretty good Injun." The agency people looked upon him with favor, for he kept his children in school and urged upon all his friends the same good policy.

In his poor way he had tried to work. He had a little garden and some corn and he kept chickens! This strange thing, which amused some people mightily, came about in this way. One day the agency farmer asked him to take dinner with him and Yellow Horse accepted gladly. His table manners were very dignified and ceremonious, but he could not help saying "powa" (which means good) when the eggs were passed.

"Why don't you raise chickens and have eggs of your own?" asked the farmer.

"I have no mother chicken."

"I will give you one if you will take good care of it," replied his friend.

"I will do as you say," the old man said. "You shall have no cause to complain."

The farmer, after dinner, gave to Yellow Horse a sitting hen and a dozen eggs and told him what to do to raise some chickens, and he went off much pleased, with the hen under his arm.

"Now mind," was the farmer's warning, "after the hen begins to sit on the eggs you must not let her be disturbed."

Some time after the crier went through the She-an-nay camp calling all the people to make ready for a buffalo hunt—one of the last they might ever have—and every teepee was soon levelled and things packed—all but the lodge of Yellow Horse; that remained standing. One of the "Dog Soldiers" (who act as camp police) came around to ask, "What is the meaning of this? Why is not your lodge taken down?"

"I can't have it taken down. I am not going on the buffalo hunt."

"Why can't you take it down?"

"My friend, the farmer, gave me a hen—she is sitting on some eggs. I cannot disturb her. The teepee must remain."

"But it is against the rules of the camp," said the Dog Soldiers.

"No matter," replied Yellow Horse, "my word has been given and I must remain to keep it good. Go hunt the buffalo; I will remain and guard my hen as I promised."

All the other men began to laugh, but old Yellow Horse remained unmoved. "Go laugh elsewhere, I stay here."

The Dog Soldiers ceased to laugh, and said, "If you don't take down the lodge we will cut it down, which is our duty."

"No, no, you must not do that," said Yellow Horse hastily. "I'll tell you what I will do. If you will let my lodge remain where it is I will give you a feast when you return. Now let us compromise this matter."

The Dog Soldiers reflected, and at last went away to the head chief. When they came back they said, "Very well, the feast is expected."

Now Yellow Horse had very little to call his own, except a few ponies. His favorite was a fine calico, or pinto, pony, and this one he now determined to sell to keep his word. He tried to sell him at once, and at last a cattleman offered him thirty dollars, which he accepted, although it made his heart very sad to see his favorite pony gallop away with another man on his back. With these pieces of silver he gave his feast.

The hen was worth fifty cents and the eggs half as much more, but Yellow Horse had kept his word, and that was worth a great deal more. That night as he looked at the hen sitting undisturbed under his bed he smiled and said to her, "Dream away. I have purchased your quiet."

This curious deed gave the agency farmer a high opinion of Yellow Horse and he resolved to aid him in every way. He secured for the old man a corn-plow and some hoes and other utensils, and they were well used in the years that followed. It was hard for an old man to learn, but his will was good and he made real progress.

One day, after the farmer had begun to wonder over the long absence of Yellow Horse, a messenger came to say that the old man was very sick and that he wished to see his friend and his children once more before he died.

The farmer thought it all a trick to get him down there with the children, but he reflected that Yellow Horse had been a good man, honest and upright in all his ways, so he took the children and some food and journeyed away to the south some fifteen miles where the old man was living on his fine allotment on Walnut Creek.

He found Yellow Horse in his teepee stretched out upon his bed. There was a singular serenity about the old man and his face did not betray either pain or wasting disease, and the farmer thought "the old man is merely lonely for his grandchildren and wished to have them brought to his side." But he was patient of him and greeted him jovially.

But Yellow Horse was very serious. His plow and his hoes had been brought to the side of his teepee so that he could see

them, and his wagon stood just outside the door. On his breast lay the books his eldest son had studied.

"I am soon to go my lone journey," he said, "and I want to talk with you, my friend. You are wiser than I. You have been good to me and to my children and I wanted to feel the pressure of your hand once more. I have tried to walk the way you pointed, because I knew you were my friend and because I knew the Red man's course was almost ended. The Red man is going—the White man is coming fast. Why this is so I do not know. The Great Spirit has said it. Old things are passing under the earth like a rotting tree. I know it. I do not complain."

"I have always sent my children to school. I know all my people must tread the White man's road. I want you, my friend, to look after my children. I put their hands in yours. They know you are good and they will do as you say. I shall die to-night as the sun sets—and I shall go over the sand hills into the Shadow Land to come again no more."

The white man's throat filled as he took the old man's hand. "I will do what I can, brother."

The hands of Yellow Horse fell slack, but his face grew serene and trustful.

"You have put my heart to rest," he said. "I am ready now to go to the Shadow Land. I have finished my work here."

The children were weeping as the farmer took their hands to lead them away, and yet he could not think death was so near to the old warrior as he thought.

He rode away deeply impressed. Here was a big man—big enough to see the passing of his people and still remain resigned and gentle in spirit. There was something deeply impressive, also, in the almost childlike way in which he had gathered round his death-bed the things which symbolized the White man's life. His waiting for death was as majestic as the vigil of a wounded lion on the desert hillside.

The next morning at dawn a horseman rode up to the farmer's window and said, "Yellow Horse is dead."

"When did he die?"

"Just after the sun went away. He sent you these things."

The farmer lifted his window and took from the courier a medicine bag, a pipe and a folded paper. The paper was old and ragged and the ink faded to a rust color, but it could be read. The words were these:

"This is to certify that I found Yellow Horse always a willing and trusty man."

"[Signed] CAPTAIN WILLIAMS, U.S.A."



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WASHINGTON HONORS THE MEMORY OF QUEEN VICTORIA

PRESIDENT McKINLEY and his Cabinet, with the members of the British and other foreign embassies, attended services in Washington in memory of Queen Victoria on February 2, at the same hour as the funeral ceremonies in London. The services were held in old Saint John's Protestant Episcopal Church, where eight Presidents have worshipped, and which is known as the official church of the British Embassy.

The city had draped itself in mourning for the occasion. The national flag floated at half-mast above the White House, the Capitol, and all the government buildings. Over many private buildings, also, a similar mark of respect was shown, and the flags of all the Embassies were lowered, out of respect for the dead Queen. The British Embassy was entirely draped in black.

In accordance with the expressed wishes of King Edward, the interior of the church was draped in purple, which, while it seemed at first startling in its brilliancy, made a far richer display than the usual sombre black. The entire interior, from altar to door, was profusely decorated with flowers.

The long pews in the front were reserved for the President and his Cabinet and the British Embassy. Mr. McKinley and the members of his Cabinet arrived shortly before eleven o'clock and were met at the door by Lord Pauncefoot, who escorted them to seats on the right of the church immediately facing the chancel. Secretaries Hay, Gage and Root sat with the President, while immediately back of them were Secretaries Long, Hitchcock and Wilson, Attorney-General Griggs and Postmaster-General Smith. In the rear of these sat Chief Justice Fuller and the Associate Justices of the United States Supreme Court, while near them sat the Senators and members of the House of Representatives. Many officers of the army and navy were present. Conspicuous among them were Admiral Dewey, who led the body of naval officers, and Lieutenant-General Miles, who was at the head of the officers of the army. All the uniformed officers of the Diplomatic Corps, as well as of the army and navy, wore some badge of mourning on their left arms or on the hilts of their swords.

The glittering insignia of the Diplomatic Corps gave a touch of unusual brilliancy to the scene. Lord Pauncefoot was in full Court uniform, a black band on his left arm and a knot of crape on his sword hilt. He was accompanied by Lady Pauncefoot and the Misses Pauncefoot, and the entire Legation staff. The British officials occupied the central front seats immediately facing the chancel and to the left of the President. Across the aisle were the French Ambassador, M. Cambon; the Russian Ambassador, Count Cassini; the German Ambassador, Dr. von Holleben; the Italian Ambassador, Baron de Fava; and, in a pew to himself, Señor Don Manuel de Aspíroz, the Ambassador of Mexico. The Ministers of various countries were ranged in the next rows of seats. Among these were the Duke de Arcos, the Spanish Minister; and the Ministers of Turkey, Austria-Hungary, the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden, Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Japan, Portugal, Siam, Korea, and China. A picturesque group was formed in the centre of the church by the new Persian Minister, General Isaac Khan, and his suite, and the Ministers from Uruguay, Haiti, and the representatives from the South American republics. The Persian Minister was especially conspicuous in his astrakhan cap and many glittering orders.

The President of the United States, who was dressed in a plain black suit and overcoat, with a black tie, presented a striking contrast to the Ambassadors in their brilliant uniforms. The very simplicity of his costume made him the most prominent figure even in so brilliant an assemblage.

The usual service for the dead was read by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim, the rector of the Church of the Epiphany. After the reading of the service, Bishop Henry Y. Satterlee, Bishop of Washington, pronounced a panegyric on the Queen. He spoke of the death of Victoria as a loss to this country and to all humanity, no less than to her own realm.

"The world is a better world," he said, "for this Queen's life. There are some characters so pure, so true and unselfish in their unaffected simplicity that they belong not only to their own country but to the world at large. Something there is in the quality of their lives which enriches human history and makes stronger our faith in human nature itself. Such was Queen Victoria. To the English nation her Majesty, with the sceptre of the British Empire in her hand, was first the sovereign, then the woman."

During the first part of the ceremonies the bell of the church was tolled at intervals of half a minute. This was succeeded by Chopin's Funeral March on the organ, accompanied by the choir of the church sang an anthem and several hymns, among which was Cardinal Newman's "Lead, kindly Light."

President McKinley, followed by the congregation, left the church a few minutes after twelve o'clock. Lord Pauncefoot accompanied him to his carriage.

FREE SPEECH AT OUR UNIVERSITIES

THE FORCED withdrawal of one of the leading and oldest instructors in Leland Stanford Jr. University and the sympathetic resignation of three others during the past month has caused an upheaval which is not confined exclusively to educational circles.

Beyond the reputation of the men involved and the fact that Stanford University is one of the leading educational institutions of the United States, with a very wealthy endowment, the occurrence is of general interest in its bearing upon the question of academic freedom of speech in schools of private endowment. Those who withdrew from the faculty contend that they did so as a protest against the abridgment of academic freedom. The university management, on the other hand, is unwilling to accept this statement as the true issue, but asserts that the issue is a matter of personality and discipline. On this question of academic freedom the controversy has been waged, and a wide division of public sentiment has resulted.

The trouble had its beginning last November, in the dismissal from the faculty of Dr. E. A. Ross, head of the Department of Sociology. Dr. Ross had expressed theories of finance and social culture which were not in accord with corporate views. It was claimed by Dr. Ross's friends that his views of public questions did not agree with those of Mrs. Jane L. Stanford, who was led to believe that some of his public expressions reflected on the manner in which the large fortune of her husband, the founder of the university, had been acquired. It was further stated that Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of the university, had interceded with Mrs. Stanford for Dr. Ross's retention without avail. When Dr. Ross was dismissed there was an outburst both within and without the university. It had its origin in the conviction that he was removed because of his general sympathy for the poor as against the rich on most social questions. It was regarded as an attempt on the part of Mrs. Stanford to suppress academic freedom.

Opposed to this view was that of the university management and its friends, who asserted that Dr. Ross left the university, not because there was the remotest thought of abridging freedom of thought, or of speech, or of destroying academic freedom, but because Mrs. Stanford had taken an aversion to the personality of Dr. Ross and insisted upon her legal right of directing his withdrawal. Among the most ardent partisans of Dr. Ross in the faculty was Dr. George Edward Howard, the head of the History Department, an old friend of Dr. Jordan and the first professor appointed to the university. In an address before one of his classes, Dr. Howard declared that Dr. Ross was a martyr to principle and that in his retirement a serious blow had been struck at the freedom of speech. In concluding he uttered the following words: "I do not bow down to Saint Market Street. I do not doff my hat to the Chinese Six Companies. Neither am I afraid of the Holy Standard Oil."

Dr. Howard's remarks were allowed to pass unnoticed at the time by President Jordan. A few days ago President Jordan wrote a letter to Dr. Howard, in which he stated that he had waited a reasonable time in the hope that reflection would enable Dr. Howard to see that some explanation and an apology were desirable. Failing to hear from him, he deemed it his duty to request from him a suitable apology and the assurance of an attitude toward the university that would guarantee a proper harmonious relation in the future. Dr. Howard replied that he had no apology to offer, that what he had said was said, as he believed, in the course of individual justice and academic liberty. He also called Dr. Jordan's attention to a conversation which he had had with him after the Ross incident, in which Dr. Jordan had asked him to remain in the university and had stated that he would not ask for his resignation unless Mrs. Stanford demanded it.

To this Dr. Jordan replied with a peremptory demand for Dr. Howard's resignation. It was as promptly tendered.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON



THE CAPITOL



LORD PAUNCEFOTE (BRITISH AMBASSADOR), LADY PAUNCEFOTE AND MISS PAUNCEFOTE



ST. JOHN'S CHURCH



RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR AND ATTACHE



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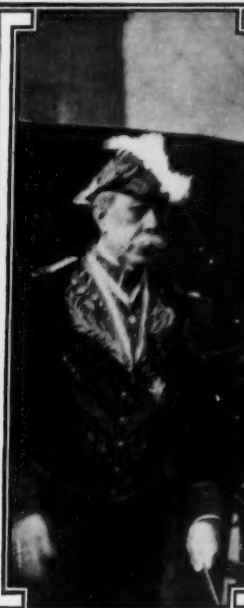
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To Keep Healthy and Strong?

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PRESIDENT JORDAN'S POSITION

Referring to the statement of Dr. Howard, that Dr. Jordan told him that he would not ask for his resignation unless Mrs. Stanford demanded it, Dr. Jordan has subsequently stated that in demanding Dr. Howard's resignation he acted on his own responsibility, after giving Dr. Howard sufficient time to reflect on his words in the classroom. Mrs. Stanford, who is in Europe, knew nothing about the matter until after Dr. Howard's resignation. The forced resignation of Dr. Howard caused a reopening of the Ross incident and the feeling at the university was inflamed. Both the faculty and the student body took sides. Three additional members of the faculty resigned in sympathy with Drs. Ross and Howard. Those resigning were Professor W. H. Hudson of the English Department, Professor C. N. Little of the Chair of Mathematics, and Professor David E. Spencer, Associate Professor of History. Besides expressing sympathy for Drs. Ross and Howard, their resignations were landed in as a protest against what they regarded an attempt on the part of Mrs. Stanford to restrict free speech. In stating their position in the controversy, the authorities of the university say they wish it clearly understood that no principle of freedom of thought was for a moment in jeopardy during the whole affair. Dr. J. C. Branner, who was acting president during most of the trouble, in the absence of President Jordan, states that the question at issue is simply this: "Are the professors in this institution at liberty to arraign the university management in the presence of their classes? If such a liberty is looked upon as academic freedom, then I beg to say once and for all that such freedom, if such is the word, will not be tolerated in this institution so long as it is under the present management. There are here, as elsewhere, proper channels through which all disagreements can be adjusted.

President Jordan has not yet felt it incumbent upon him to give out an official statement of the university's position, but the above has been sanctioned by him.

That faction of the faculty which indorses the above statement supplement it by saying that no false conception could go to the world than that which pictures the faculty of the university in sympathy with the men who have left. The highest regard is had for their ability, but it is felt by them that they have irreparably injured the institution. One of these said: "Academic independence has never been at stake in this whole unfortunate affair. For the last seven years Mrs. Stanford has neither asked nor exercised direction of the educational affairs of the university. She has granted us more absolute freedom of thought and expression than any Board of Trustees in any other American university. Only once did Mrs. Stanford insist upon her legal right of direction, and that was last spring when she refused to audit the salary of Dr. Ross, and she did it then because Dr. Ross had made himself personally obnoxious to her. His personal views on finance and economics have absolutely nothing to do with the case."

PROFESSOR DUNIWAY'S STATEMENT

Professor C. A. Duniway, the present head of the History Department, gives the view of another faction of the faculty. He said: "The rights of academic freedom are fundamental in any university. No self-respecting man will consent to have this freedom limited as the price of continuance in his university position. Despite recent events, it is still possible for a professor to continue his connection with Stanford University and retain his freedom unabridged.

"Continuance in official relations with the university does not necessarily imply indorsement of measures of the administration. Many of the faculty believe that the dismissal of Dr. Ross was an act of injustice to him and of serious detriment to the best interests of the university. Many, too, believe that the forced resignation of Dr. Howard was another grievous error. Yet those of us who hold and express these opinions and who are still willing to do our work do not feel enjoined on that account from using our legitimate freedom."

The friends of Dr. Ross dismiss as absolutely false the suggestion that he ever said anything unkind about the late Senator Stanford. Neither is it true, they say, that transactions in connection with the accumulation of the Central Pacific personal fortunes disclosed in the Colton trial and elsewhere were introduced as illustrations in Dr. Ross's classes. They further say that the establishment and operation of the great quasi-public enterprises of California are so completely interwoven with the economic and social history of the Pacific Coast as necessarily to require full discussion in a California university, saving only for propriety's sake all reference which can be avoided to Senator Stanford's connection with them. The friends of Dr. Ross claim that this saving clause has been more than complied with. Busybodies, they say, have carried to Mrs. Stanford exaggerated versions of the remarks.

Dr. Ross's friends further say that the repression of what were supposed or imagined to be allusions to historical facts were attempts to suppress academic freedom of thought.

While there is a division of public senti-

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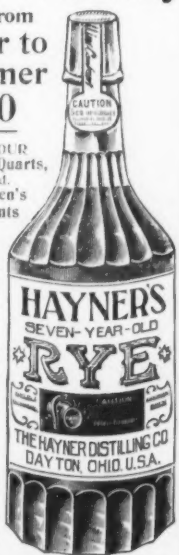
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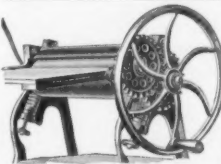
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ment as to whether there is any desire on
the part of those in authority to abridge the
discussion of social and economic subjects,
there is no division of sentiment that such a
course would be ruinous to the university.
Whatever the merit of the controversy, there
can be no question that it has been a most un-
fortunate one and has inflicted a great injury
on the university. The members of the faculty
who have gone are generally recognized as of
exceptional ability. Their loss will be felt for
some time to come.

Beyond all this the affair has had a bad
effect on the morale of the instructors and
student body. The friends of the university
and of higher education are confident, though,
that the university will survive its wound and,
profiting by its unpleasant experience, attain
the ideal of its founders who have so munifi-
cently endowed it. R. C. JOHNSON.

THE TROUBLE IN VENEZUELA

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 5)

an incident of the most improper use of an
American warship, when, to assist the Sugar
Trust, American blue-jackets were landed in
Honolulu and overthrew a friendly power. If
two American corporations were quarrelling
over a concession granted to them by the
Canadian Government, no one for a moment
supposes that our own government would send
a squadron of warships up the St. Lawrence
River, or to menace Liverpool and South-
ampton.

VENEZUELA CAN'T AND WON'T FIGHT HER BIG SISTER

What helps further to make this intimidation
of a sister republic so discreditible is the fact
that she is absolutely unprotected by a navy,
and that of all foreign countries she is the
one most loyally devoted to our own. In
no other country in the world have I found
people so friendly to citizens of the United
States, so eager in their admiration of its
institutions, and so flattering in their imitation
of its precepts and form of government. They
delight in finding parallels between their his-
tory and our own; they call their national
hero, Simon Bolivar, "the George Washington
of South America." He is always shown on
coins or stamps and in busts and statues,
wearing around his neck, as he always did
when alive, the medallion given him by the
descendants of Washington and which contains
a lock of Washington's hair. There is hardly
a café or shop in Caracas in which there does
not hang a portrait of the Father of our Coun-
try. Washington is shown on horseback; at
Mount Vernon; camped in the snows of Valley
Forge, and crossing the Delaware. And in the
National Gallery the picture of the Venezuelans
signing their Declaration of Independence is
an exact copy of the familiar one which shows
our forefathers signing their Declaration in the
State House in Philadelphia.

MODELLING AFTER FALSE GODS!

In small things and in big things, from
naming the Executive Mansion the Yellow
House, after our White House, to copying our
forms of legislation, the United States of
Venezuela has modelled itself after the United
States of America. Later, the action of our
country at the time of the boundary dispute
with Great Britain heightened the admiration
of the people into the deepest gratitude and
affection, and I shall never forget the scene
of real love and frantic pleasure with which
the citizens of Caracas in 1894 welcomed the
officers of Admiral Meade's squadron. What
their welcome will be for the officers of our
squadron now it is difficult to say. They are
an exceedingly proud and hot-tempered people,
and they will feel most keenly the indignity of
our threatening attitude. In thought at least,
they will resent being held responsible for the
possible act of a President who was thrown
into power by a volcanic revolution and who
to-morrow may be a fugitive in Paris—a pos-
sible act which, so far, exists only in the
imaginings of the Asphalt Trust. Presi-
dents come and Presidents go in Venezuela.
They represent no one but themselves, and
their threats, even when they make them, are
not to be taken too seriously. But our govern-
ment has seen fit to pretend to believe that its
friends are threatened, and it has taken this
matter seriously, and by so doing it has turned
away from us the goodwill of a friendly, de-
voted and grateful people.

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